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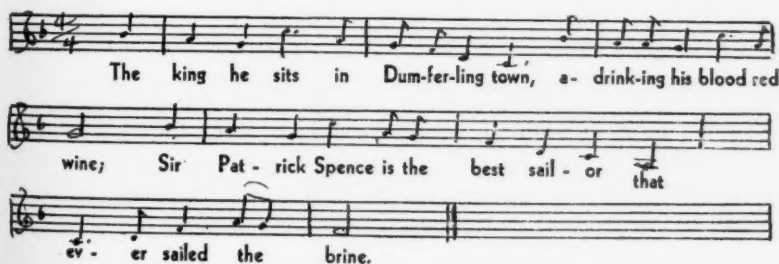
"SIR PATRICK SPENS" FOUND IN TENNESSEE

by Edwin Capers Kirkland

THE first American version of "Sir Patrick Spens" was reported recently by John Powell from Virginia.¹ On August 5, 1937, I recorded on an acetate disk a version of "Sir Patrick Spens" sung by Miss Clara J. McCauley, Supervisor of Public School Music in the schools of Knoxville, Tennessee. She remembers hearing her father sing it at the country home near Chapel Hill, North Carolina, and says that members of her family have been singing it for at least thirty or forty years. Like Mr. George Tucker, who communicated the first American version, Miss McCauley quickly wrote out the tune after she had made a recording of the ballad.

In his article Mr. Powell states that "the general public has made up its mind that all our traditional music must be 'mountain music'."² His protest, "I am a folk musician. Why must I be excluded because I was born far from mountain fastnesses, because I can read and write, because I have had a musical education?" is supported by the fact that the second variant of "Sir Patrick Spens," like the first, came from an educated and trained musician.

SIR PATRICK SPENCE



¹John Powell, "In the Lowlands Low," *Southern Folklore Quarterly*, I (March, 1937), pp. 1-12.

²*Ibid.*, p. 1.

³*Ibid.*, p. 2.

SIR PATRICK SPENCE

The king he sits in Dumferling town,
Adrinking his blood red wine,
"Sir Patrick Spence is the best sailor
That ever sailed the brine."

The king still sits in Dumferling town,
And asipping his red, red wine,
"Now where can I get a good sailor
To man this ship o' mine?"

Oh up then said a yellow haired lad
Just by the king's left knee,
"Sir Patrick Spence is the best skipper
That ever sailed the sea."

Oh up then spoke an old, old knight
Right nigh the king's right knee,
"Sir, you are the very, very best sailor
That ever sailed the sea."

The king he wrote a good letter
And asealed it with his hand;
And when Sir Patrick Spence got it
He was strolling on the sand.

Sir Patrick read the orders from the king
That made him laugh at first,
But as he read another sad line,
Sir Patrick feared the worst.

He took his ship to far Norway,
Asailing o'er the sea,
To get a lovely maiden fair
And to fetch her back, said he.

They sailed and sailed for many a day
Upon the wild, wild sea,
But our good sailor Sir Patrick Spence
Was drowned in the deep.

So the king sits on in Dumferling town
Adrinking his blood red wine,
"Oh, where can I get a good sailor
To sail this ship of mine?"

DELIA HOLMES—A NEGLECTED NEGRO BALLAD

by Chapman J. Milling

COLLECTORS of secular Negro folk-music appear to have largely overlooked one of the finest indigenous ballads in America. Although not enjoying the popular fame accorded either "John Henry" or "Frankie and Johnny," the tragic story of Delia is appealing in text and is possessed of a lovely and charming tune.

Herewith are presented three variants, the best of which is that of Will Winn, a most interesting colored troubadour who has wandered all over the South and West carrying a battered guitar, and earning his meals and lodging by his song. Although bearing many outward indications of an unsheltered life, Will possesses personality and natural born showmanship. He states that "Delia" originated following a murder in Georgia, having been composed about 1900 by a white minstrel of Dallas, Texas, known as "Whistlin' Bill Ruff." The song, however, seems too typically Negroid to admit of this explanation.

Careful search among the most promising collections has failed to reveal anything approaching the story as rendered in Will's version. The tune could not be found at all. White, in "American Negro Folk Songs," (Harvard Press, 1928) gives two brief variants of "Delia," one a mere fragment. Both of these are regarded by the compiler as variants of "Frankie and Johnny." The only other place I have been able to find the song is in Odum and Johnson's "The Negro and his Songs" (Chapel Hill, 1925). The authors here note that it is called "Pauly," "Frankie" or "Lilly," and list their version under the last name. It differs so little from "Frankie and Johnny," that I am forced to regard their variant as belonging to the latter, and better known, song.

With due apologies to the distinguished collectors above cited, I offer what I believe to be the purest version of "Delia Holmes" which has, up to this time, been recorded. In addition to the Winn version, I have appended two shorter variants, the last of which is a very fragmentary one obtained from a white boy of eastern South Carolina. While all of these have slightly different tunes, that of Winn's is the only one reproduced in this paper, the others being decidedly inferior.

DELIA HOLMES

Arr. H. J. MARTIN

De-lia, De-lia, why didn't you run, See dat des-per-a-do had a
 forty - fo' smokeless gun Crying all I had done gone
 All I had done gone All I had done gone
 Good-bye mother, friends and all, All I had done gone

A. DELIA HOLMES

(Will Winn's Version)¹

Delia, Delia,
 Why didn't you run,
 See dat desperado
 Had a forty fo' smokeless gun,
 Cryin' all I had done gone.

Chorus. All I had done gone!
 All I had done gone!
 Good-bye Mother, friends and all;
 All I had done gone.

(*Chorus* is repeated every six or eight stanzas).

Now Coonie an' his little sweetheart
 Settin' down talkin' low;
 Axed her would she marry him,
 She said, "Why sho'," "Cryin' all I had done gone.

When the time come for marriage
 She refuse' to go.

"If you don't marry me
 You cannot live no mo'."

Cryin' all I had done gone.

¹I am deeply indebted to Mr. H. J. Martin, Columbia, S. C., for transcribing the music in connection with this article.

Shot her with a pistol,
Number forty fo'.
"You did not marry me,
You cannot live no mo'."
Cryin' all I had done gone.

Turned po' Delia over
On her side very slow.
She was cryin' "Coonie,
Please don't shoot no mo'."
Cryin' all I had done gone.

Death had proceeded,
It wasn't so very long
Till her mother come runnin'
With a bucket on her arm.
Cryin' all I had done gone.

"Tell me, my darlin',
What have you done wrong,
Cause Coonie to shoot you
With that forty fo' smokeless gun?"
Cryin' all I had done gone.

"Some give a nickel
Some give a dime,
Help to bury,
This body of mine."
Cryin' all I had done gone.

Threw down his pistol
An' tried to get away.
Officers picked him up
In just a few days.
Cryin' all I had done gone.

Placed him in the jail
Till his trial should come.
"Tell me now officer,
What have I done?"
Cryin' all I had done gone.

They axed him did he remember this,
"A girl that you were in love,
An' spoken things unto her
That instantly taken her nerve?"
Cryin' all I had done gone.

"She moved closely beside of me
An' threw her arms around."
"Do you remember little Delia Holmes
And which you shot down?"
Cryin' all I had done gone.

"Have I now any bond,
Or can I get one,
For the crime that I am charged,
I plead guilty I have done?"
Cryin' all I had done gone.

The judge that tried him,
Handsome with the time,
Say, "Connie, If I don't hang you
I'll give you ninety nine."
Cryin' all I had done gone.

"Ninety nine years in prison,
Workin' 'mong the stone.
Hope that you'll get sorry
That you have wrecked a home."
Cryin' all I had done gone.

Coonie went to Atlanta,
Drinkin' from a silver cup.
Po' li'l Delia's in the cemetary,
I hope to never wake up.
Cryin' all I had done gone.

Delia's mother
Taken a trip out west,
Just to keep from hearin' the talk
Of po' li'l Delia's death.
Cryin' all I had done gone.

Every where the train would stop
You could hear the people moan
Singin' dat lonesome song,
"Po' Delia's dead an' gone."
Cryin' all I had done gone.

Rubber tire' buggy,
Rubber tire' hack,
Take you to de cemetary,
Don't never bring you back.
Cryin' all I had done gone.

Coonie wrote to the Governor,
Asked him, "Pardon me,
I was charged with murder
In the first degree.
Cryin' all I had done gone.

"The judge was liberal
In givin' me my time;
Happened that he didn't hang me,
But he give me ninety nine.
Cryin' all I had done gone.

"I am now a murderer,
Serving a long, long time;
And if you will pardon me,
I'll not be guilty of another crime.
Cryin' all I had done gone.

"This is Coonie in Atlanta,
Workin' 'mong the stone.
Have been here for forty five years,
And I'm now needed at home."
Cryin' all I had done gone.

Chorus. All I had done gone!
All I had done gone!
Good-bye Mother, friends and all;
All I had done gone.

B. DELIA

(As recorded from Lil McClintock and Babe McClintock, Clinton, S. C., 1923).

Delia, Delia, why didn't you run,
See dat man a-comin'
Had a forty fo' Gatlin' gun,
Buffalo, sweet Buffalo.

Nineteen hundred,
Nineteen hundred and one;
Death of po' Delia,
Has jes' now begun.

Nineteen hundred,
Nineteen hundred and two;
Death of po' Delia
Jes' now come true.

Nineteen hundred, nineteen hundred and three,
All those darkies singin',
Nearer my God to Thee.
Buffalo, sweet Buffalo,

Some give a nickel,
Some give a dime,
I never give a doggone cent,
She wasn't no gal o' mine.

Rubber tire buggy.
Rubber tire hack.
Take you to dat fun'al groun'
Don' never bring you back,
Buffalo, sweet Buffalo.

C. DELIA

(Recorded from Datron Brown, Bishopville, S. C., 1937).

Delia, Delia, why didn't you run,
See that man a-comin'
With a forty fo' Gatlin gun?
She's gone, po' gal, she's gone!

Workin' in the water, up to my knees;
Workin' for Delia,
She's mighty hard to please.
She's gone po' gal, she's gone!

Columbia, S. C.

SPANISH FOLKLORE FROM TAMPA, FLORIDA:

(No. III) **Una Ledi de Naso*

edited by Ralph S. Boggs

I FOUND a keen appreciation of folk materials among workers of the Federal Writers' Projects in Tampa. Andrew L. López, one of their field workers, brought in the following poem, evidently in a fragmentary form. Mr. B. F. Borchardt, who very generously gave me a copy of the poem, said it was written in 1886 by A. Rente, who operated a barber shop in Tampa on Seventh Avenue between Fourteenth and Fifteenth Streets, and who died in 1920. He also says the poem is recited by street urchins in Tampa, and passes from mouth to mouth. Because it seems to be in the process of becoming part of the local folklore, and because it offers a sample of the curious linguistic mixture of Cuban Spanish, particularly of the cigar maker, with English, folklorists will doubtless find it interesting.

UNA LEDI DE NASO

A este Quibué¹ llegué yo,
cuando en la Habana embarqué,
y al punto me enamoré
de una ledi de Naso.²
Ella me dise,—Ay dono.³
Tú espiqui tu mí cubano.⁴
Pero con semblante ufano,
hablando entre col y col,
chapurreando el español,
y yo hablando país y habano.⁵

*Nos. I and II appeared in *Southern Folklore Quarterly*, I (September, 1937), pp. 1-12.

¹Key West.

²Lady from Nassau, i. e., a Negro girl.

³I don't know.

⁴You speak to me Cuban. She speaks English and understands no Spanish.

⁵And I speaking Havana dialect.

En el gueite⁶ la encontré,
y le dije, —¿Yu lai qui mí?⁷
—Yu plis comin hoy,⁸
que me dijeron, y entré.
—Serdán, yéntiman,⁹ fué
la segunda invitación.
Le dije, —Escúsimi, olray;
esquiúsimi, ay an satisfay.¹⁰
Y entré en la conversación.

—¿Buat yu buanti teli mí?¹¹
Ay lobi plenti cubano.¹²
Ay don lai qui americano,¹³
mucho trompi quechi mí.¹⁴
Al punto la interrumpí,
y le dije, —¡Escrapiumáu!¹⁵
Yo quiero desirte nau¹⁶
mí no lai qui faiti buit yu.¹⁷
Mí cubano beri gut,¹⁸
y matrimonio enijáo.¹⁹

⁶At her gate.

⁷(Do) you like me?

⁸You please come in today (now).

⁹Sit down, gentleman.

¹⁰Excuse me, all right; excuse me, I am satisfied.

¹¹What (do) you want to tell me?

¹²I love (have loved) plenty (of) Cubans.

¹³I don't like Americans.

¹⁴Many blows (deceits?) catch me. *Trompi* may be Haitian for 'tricks, deceits,' or may be for *trompada* 'blows'. In any event, she probably means that her American lovers have deceived, or even beaten, her.

¹⁵Shut your mouth.

¹⁶Now.

¹⁷Me (I) no (don't) like to fight with you.

¹⁸Me Cuban very good (I'm a very good Cuban).

¹⁹Anyhow. He means to assure her that he is quite serious in his matrimonial intentions.

—No creas que esto es jonboc,²⁰
 ni que vengo a coger raque.²¹
 Tú verás que mí combaque²²
 tumaro on seben ocloc,²³
 y aunque inglés mí no toc,²⁴
 mí com²⁵ a desirte a tí
 que el falla²⁶ que tengo aquí,
 may dolin,²⁷ sólo se quita
 besando yo esa boquita
 que sólo bilón tu mí.²⁸

—Ay an sigar mequen jáa.²⁹
 Beri suit doy a la bola,³⁰
 mí no buequi otra bitola,³¹
 como no sea regalía.³²
 Ay gari moni, may día,³³
 en el banco de Yon Juait,³⁴
 y aunque ahora estamos de estraic,³⁵
 ay neba go tu dat plei.³⁶
 Si mí no buequi tudei,³⁷
 es porque a mí no me laic.³⁸

²⁰Humbbug.

²¹*Coger raque*=*engañarte* 'to deceive you'.

²²Me (I) (shall) come back.

²³Tomorrow at seven o'clock.

²⁴Me (I) (do) not talk.

²⁵Me (I) come.

²⁶Fire.

²⁷My darling.

²⁸Belongs to me.

²⁹I am (a) cigar maker here.

³⁰Very sweet I give form to the cigar. *Bola* refers to the cigar when it is being rolled. He is extolling the professional skill of his movements in rolling a cigar into shape.

³¹Me (I) (shall) not work another cigar. *Vitola* originally meant 'cigar mold or form', but the current use of the word among cigar makers has generalized it to the point where it is practically synonymous with the word 'cigar'.

³²Unless it be the very best. *Regalia* designates technically a certain shape of cigar. When this shape was introduced into the trade, it was used only in higher priced cigars, hence a *regalia* shaped cigar came to be practically synonymous with an expensive cigar.

³³I got money, my dear.

³⁴John White.

³⁵On strike.

³⁶I never go to that place.

³⁷If me (I) (do) not work today.

³⁸*A mí no me gusta* 'I don't want to'.

Mr. Jules A. Frost, also of the Federal Writers' Projects in Tampa, has lent his poetic genius to render this poem into English with a flavor corresponding to the original.

A LADY FROM NASSAU

The boat from Cuba hardly tie
The cable at Key West
Before a Nassau maiden win
My heart—and this no jest.
“No savvy cubano,” says this girl,
So, softly, in her ear,
I try Castilian; still she stand
As if she no can hear.

That night she met me at the gate,
And I, in much despair,
Try English. “Likee me?” I say.
“Come in and have a chair,”
She tell me, so I take one seat,
And every effort bent
To speak English so this girl
Could savvy what I meant.

“Well, what you want to tell me?”
Says the girl. “A Cuban swain
Rates high, but an American
Gives me an awful pain,
The dirty double crossers — —!” “Wait!”
I interrupt her. “Stop!
Don’t classee *me* American — —
I Cuban, feet to top!”

“Now please don’t think I try to shoot
This—what you call it—bull;
I want to marry—I not joke,
No try to pull the wool.
Don’t think I ‘take you for a ride,’
For at your door I knock,
Tomorrow, and you see me here
At seven, by the clock.”

"I speaky English not so good,
But I am here to say,
The fire that I have here for you
Will burn until that day
When I shall kiss that little mouth,
And press you to my heart,
For those red lips were made for me,
And we must never part."

"I makee seegars here, my dear,
And closely 'hit the ball;'
I makee only very best,
Or makee none at all.
The strike is on, but I have cash,
In bank and pocket too;
And I no have to work today,
So speaky here with you."

University of North Carolina.

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THE LION AND THE UNICORN

The Jack Tales No. 2

by Richard Chase

(Recorded from R. M. Ward, Miles A. Ward, and Ben Hicks, who live near Beech Creek, N. C.)

JACK started out one time to try his fortune. Told his mother he couldn't do any good there at home. So he went travelling about over the country, and was going past a saw mill 'side the road, picked up a little thin piece of plank looked rather nice. He laid down under a tree to rest a while and got to shaving on that plank till finally he'd made him a paddle. He didn't know what he'd do with it, just carried it along. He struck out directly through a pasturefield, come to where a bunch of flies had lit down on a cow-pile. So Jack cut loose with his paddle and come down on 'em, then he looked to see how many he'd killed. Well, he went on down the road and come to a blacksmith shop. Jack went in and got the blacksmith to make him some big letters for his belt, said:

"Strong Man Jack
Killed Seven at a Whack."

So Jack put that around him and went on. Pretty soon here come the King riding on his horse, says,

"Hello, Jack. What's all that writing you got around you?" So the King read it, says to Jack,

"You must be a pretty brave fellow."

"Not so awful. I can do some things."

"Well, if you're up to that sign on your belt, I got a job for you. How'd you like to take a chance on killing a wild boar? There's one over on the side of the mountain yonder been killing lots of sheep. I'll pay you a thousand dollars if you kill it. All my men are scared of it."

"Well," says Jack, "I'll try."

Jack got the King to pay him five hundred down, and then the King says,

"Come on, Jack, I'll go with you and show you what mountain it uses on."

So Jack says,

"If I can find it, King, I'll sure kill it."

Jack knew if the King's men were scared of it it must be awful dangerous. The King took him over in the mountain a right smart piece, got to looking around kind of nervous, stopped his horse directly, says,

"Now, Jack, you'll have to go on up in the mountain and find it. I got important business back home."

Then he turned his horse around and just lit out. Jack said he'd wait a little while and then he'd slip out before that wild boar smelled him. He'd got five hundred dollars, and he didn't want to get mixed up with no wild hog. But when he started back to the road, he heard it breaking bresh up the mountain, making an awful racket, then he saw it coming. So Jack took out across the field, him and the boar, whippety cut! whippety cut! and the wild hog just a-gaining. Well, Jack saw an old waste-house with no roof on it, standing down the field a ways, so he made for it, run in the door, and scrambled up the wall. The old hog was right on him and got a piece out of Jack's coat tail. Then he stood there with his forefeet up on the wall, looking for Jack. Well, Jack clumbe down the outside and run around and pushed the door to and propped it with some timbers. Then he went on back to the King's house.

"Well, Jack, did you have any luck?"

"No, I couldn't find no wild hog. I hunted all over that mountain, didn't see nothing."

"Why, Jack, that wild boar just makes for anybody goes up there, time he smells 'em."

"Well, a little old boar shoat come bristling up to me, kept follering me around, I kicked it over several times, but the blame thing got playful and jerked a piece out of my coat tail. Made me a little mad then so I took it by the tail and ear, throwed it in an old waste house up there and barred him in. You can go up and look if you want to."

When the King rode up there and saw it was that boar, he like to beat his horse to death getting back. Then he blowed his horn and fifty or sixty men come up. They took a lot of Winchester rifles and went up to that old waste-house; but they was so scared that they wouldn't go close enough to get a shoot at it. Jack said he wasn't scared so he went down with a rifle and poked it in there and shot two or three times. That old hog commenced tearing around inside and tore the house plumb down. He give one kick, knocked the chimney down and one of the rocks took him between the eyes and he keeled over dead. So the men skinned it out, and it made two wagon loads of meat. The King paid Jack the rest

of the thousand dollars, said he had another job for him. Jack asked him what it was.

"They say there's a unicorn using back here on another mountain, doing a lot of damage to people's live stock. It's a lot more dangerous than that boar, but a brave feller like you, Jack, ought not to have any trouble killing it. I'll pay you another thousand dollars, too."

Well, Jack couldn't back out of it, but before he said he would try it he got the King to pay him five hundred down. When the King took Jack up there and left him, Jack watched him out of sight, then he says,

"I'll just get out of here now. I'm not going to fool around and get killed. I got my money, I'll just go another way."

But Jack hadn't got out of the woods when he heard unicorn a-coming. So he started running around in among them trees as hard as he could go. He looked back and saw that horn making a lunge for the middle of his back so he grabbed hold of a little white oak and swung around behind it. The unicorn swerved at him, but he hit that oak and stove his horn plumb through it. And when Jack saw it come through, he took some nails out of his overall pocket, grabbed him up a rock, and wedged the horn in tight. Then he went on back to the King.

"What luck you have this time, Jack?"

"Why, King, I didn't see no unicorn."

"Now that's a curious thing to me. Nobody else ever went in there but what that unicorn come right after 'em."

"Well, some kind of little old yearling bull, didn't have but one horn, come down there bawling and pawing the ground. Follered me around so close it kind of aggravated me finally. So I took it by the tail and stove its horn through a tree. I reckon it's still fastened up where I left it. You can go up there and see if you want to."

So Jack took the King where it was, and when he saw it he whirled his horse and got back in a hurry. The men got their rifles but they were too scared to go close enough to get a shoot at it. So Jack went up to the unicorn, took a switch and hit it, says,

"See, men, there's not a bit of harm in him."

The men finally shot it and when it fell it tore that tree plumb up by the roots. Then they skinned it and brought back the hide. The King paid Jack the other five hundred and Jack was just about to leave when the King called him, says,

"Jack, they've just brought in word that a lion has come over the mountain and been using around a settlement over there killing every-

thing it comes across, cattle and horses, and they say it's done killed several men tried to go after it. I told them about you, Jack, and they made me promise to send you."

"Well, King, that sounds like the dangerest thing of all."

"I'll pay you another thousand dollars for it, Jack."

"I don't know as I favor working any more right now, King. I said I'd be back home tonight and they'll be looking for me in. Besides I'm tired out with all that running around I done already."

"Come on now, Jack, I'll pay you two thousand."

"Well, I don't know. I'll have to study on it a while."

"Here's a thousand dollars right now, son. I'd sure like to get shed of that lion."

"I'll do it then, I reckon."

So the King took Jack up behind him on his horse and they rode over to where they said the lion was. Then the King said he'd not venture any further, so Jack slipped off the horse, and the King says to him,

"When it smells you, Jack, you'll sure hear from it," and then he put out like a streak.

Well, Jack said he had three thousand dollars and he'd go a different direction and get back home. But before he'd started hardly, that old lion smelt him and commenced roaring up in the woods, roared so he jarred the mountain.

"Lordy me!" says Jack, "I'm a goner this time."

He didn't waste no time running, he made for the closest scaly-bark sapling and skinned up it like a squirrel. The old lion jumped up on the tree a time or two and then prowled around looking up at Jack. Then the lion commenced gnawing on the tree and Jack was just about scared to death. He got it gnawed about half through, when he quit and laid down and went to sleep right against the foot of the tree. Well, Jack had heard that lions were hard to wake up, so he thought he'd better take a chance and try to slip down and get away before it woke up again. He got down about halfway all right, but he was looking so hard at the lion's eyes that he didn't see when he set his foot on a bricky snag. Well, that snag broke with him and he went scooting down and landed right straddle of the lion's back.

Well, the old lion started in roaring and jumping and humping around but Jack just held on. And directly the lion got to running and he was so scared he didn't know that he was headed right for town. All the people come out shouting and hollering and the King's men

started in to shooting at it till finally they tumbled it up. When they done that Jack picked himself up out of the dirt and come over where the King was, says,

"Look a-here, King, I'm mad."

"Why, how come, Jack?"

"These men have done killed your lion."

"My lion? What you mean, son?"

"Why, King, I'd a-not had him killed for three thousand dollars; I was just riding him down here to get him broke in for you a ridey horse."

So the King went over to where his men were and raised a rumpus with 'em, says,

"Why, I'd a-felt big riding that lion around. Now you men will have to pay Jack three thousand dollars for killing that lion."

So Jack went home with six thousand dollars in his pocket, and the last time I was down there he was still rich.

Richmond, Virginia.

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HOW THE WORLD WAS MADE

by Marion Bailey Stephenson

THE Indians' conception of the Creation has been a fascinating comparison. With the Cherokee and their Southern neighbors, the Creek, the first earth is said to have been brought up from under the water by the crawfish. Among the northern and western tribes, California and Oregon, the turtle plays an important part by supporting the earth upon its back.

Some years ago I contacted an old Indian chief belonging to the Onondaga tribe in New York State. At first he was chary of comment, but after visiting him several times confidence was established between us and Yah-dak-ge-ya told me the story of how the world was made. The following tale is his version:

Mother of the first generation came from Heaven. She was the daughter of a virgin woman. Her father died before she was born. Before this man died he told his mother of his coming death. His mother had never seen anyone die and asked what would happen. The son told her his body would cool, joints would become stiff and he would stop breathing. He told her she must close his eyes, then cry.

The mother had never seen anyone cry and asked how this was done. Her son replied that she would find out about that at the time. The son died and as his mother gazed upon him she pitied him, then she cried and as she stood weeping all the people in the house wept with her. The man had instructed them to make a box, place him in it, dress him in his best skins and raise the coffin to the ceiling.

His daughter who later became the mother of the first generation wept for three days. Finally a member of the family suggested that the child see her father. Upon viewing the body she ceased crying. A few days later she again climbed up the ladder to view his body. She took the silver bracelet from his arm and when she showed it to her mother, she was scolded for taking it. But the girl said: "My father let me have it."

Many times after that the girl and her father held conversations. When she grew up and was old enough to be married her father told her he would choose for her a husband. He told her she should make corn bread and take it in a basket to the man she was to marry. He informed her that it would be a day's journey. She should start in the morning, turn toward the river, cross this on a big tree which had been felled for her;

this would be half the distance. She was told by her father not to linger nor stop until her destination was reached.

The girl obeyed even though voices out of the woods called to her asking her to stop. A clearing in the woods held the house of the man she was to marry. As she entered she inquired for Ah-wen-ja-wa-gi and found him resting. She told him her errand. The Indian looked at her in silence but she did not mind this as her father told her he would act this way. She put down the basket and was about to leave when the young man broke the silence and asked her to remain. She stayed with him; she cooked for him. Time passed and she had a child. The young man was mystified at the appearance of a child, and became worried over the situation. At length one of the neighbors noticing his peculiar actions suggested a remedy to make him well.

A large tooth-wood tree by the house grew large blossoms which made the daylight. The cure suggested was to pull up this tree by the roots and both he and his wife were to look down into the hole which was large and deep and blue.

The young Indian told his wife that they must look into the hole where the tree had been pulled up. At first she felt afraid but her husband insisted and remembering her father's saying that she must obey her husband's commands she picked up her baby and gazed into the opening. Immediately her husband grabbed her by the neck and pushed her into the hole. As she descended the neighbors closed the hole and replaced the tree.

The girl flew down coming among wild fowls which were floating on top of the blue water. The wild fowls were kind to her. One of them said she could stand on his back but a duck spoke up saying that she was too heavy and would sink. A mud turtle appeared and said he would hold her and she should stand on his back until they fixed a place for her to live. At that moment the big bird condor flew up to her and she and her baby rode on his back.

Ducks hurried about and found dirt to put on the turtle's back for the girl to walk on. The muskrat proved the most helpful in getting dirt. He descended into the water, reached the bottom, and grabbed all the dirt he could carry in his paws and mouth. Dirt was placed on the turtle's back and in a short while grass began to grow.

Every day the land grew larger and every day the baby grew larger until at last she became a young lady. It happened that she found a lover and lived in his house. At length two boys were born to her; the first twin

was a white boy, the second a tan boy and this infant had such strength that he killed his mother. The white boy was God and the tan brother, the Devil. The grandmother severed the head of her daughter saying: "You'll be the moon." With this remark she threw it to the sky.

The boys grew. Their grandmother made a bow and arrow for the tan boy and the twins hunted. One day the white boy borrowed the bow and arrow from his brother to shoot a bird. The arrow went into the water and the boy plunged after it. As he swam around he came up in front of a house. A man came out saying: "I want you. I made you come to see me. You are my son."

The boy was surprised. He had never seen his father. The man went into the house uttering: "You are my son." He came out holding two ears of corn. As he handed them to the boy he told him to plant one ear of corn for seed; and the green corn for eating, but he must not give any corn to his grandmother.

The grandmother smelled the corn cooking and told the Indian brother to let his brother know that she wanted some to eat. The message was delivered and the white boy said that his grandmother would spoil the corn if she touched it. When the grandmother heard this she was angry but she declared that the white boy would do good in the world and that people would live in the world by and by because of him.

The white boy grew to manhood. He made Man with dirt and by putting breath into the dirt the man came to life. As he looked at the newly created man he thought how lonesome for man to live alone; so he made woman. After he formed her he raised her up and breathing into her mouth she came to life. He told them they should marry and have a family.

The white boy noticed that his brother was making man out of foamy water but this form would not come to life. The Indian boy tried to put breath into his image but didn't succeed. He begged his older brother to put life into him. This the white boy did, making a white man.

The brothers went hunting and the Indian boy got caught by a wild animal. The white boy cried so hard he shook the world. The animals didn't want the world shaken to pieces so they brought the tan boy back to life.

"I have come home," said the Indian boy to his brother.

"Don't come back after you have been dead. Go where your mother is. Go to the fork of the road and stop and stay. Play your flute and sing so that people passing will hear you."

The Indian boy obeyed and sat at the fork of the road where one led to Heaven and the other led to Hell. The white boy was left on earth to make the white man.

Ocala, Florida.

NONSENSE AND NEW SENSE IN "LORD THOMAS"

by Edwin Shepard Miller

SINCE the beginning of this century, ballad interest has crossed from problems of origin to problems of oral tradition. Among reasons for the shift are the three following. First, there are no sure facts about origin. Each school has had to content itself with such vulnerable supports as the ballad form, ethnological analogy, and modern instances of negro, cowboy, and lumber-jack songs. Ballad form is anybody's argument, as the controversy has shown. Group improvisation by Australian bushmen or Faroe fishermen never seems to convince the individualist of a choral beginning for the English and Scottish popular ballads. Nor will the communal adherent concede minstrel composition for these ballads because cow-camp doggerel came from tin-pan alley. If neither side has surrendered, each has made such concession that the urge to do battle is weak now. Second, there are facts about oral transmission. Versions of the same ballad have been found in different countries at different times, and these can be contrasted. Third, hundreds of new variants have recently been collected, especially in America. These give the student of transmission massive material to work with. In short, conclusions about the effects of transmission can be more solidly based than theories of origin.

Collecting in America continues to spread, avidly, successfully, all the time cumulating fresh materials for study of transmission. Meanwhile, materials already at hand, texts by the hundreds already in print, deserve analysis, as a means of getting at definite principles regarding circulation. For instance, the many variants of a single ballad can be placed side by side and contrasted, to see how time and migration have modified individual stanzas, lines, words. Taking the words of a single ballad, "Lord Thomas and Fair Annet" (Child No. 73), this article reviews some influences of oral transmission, then records the more startling mutations in eighty variants.¹

¹P. S. Allen, "Studies in Popular Poetry," *The Decennial Publications of the University of Chicago*, 1903, 1st series, VII, pp. 140-141; W. H. Babcock, "The London Ballads," *Folk-Lore Journal*, VII, pp. 33-35; P. Barry, "Traditional Ballads in New England," *JAF*, XVIII, pp. 128-130; P. Barry, F. H. Eckstorm, M. Q. Smyth, *British Ballads From Maine*, New Haven, 1929, pp. 128-133; H. M. Belden, "Old-Country Ballads in Missouri," *JAF*, XIX, 235-240; O. D. Campbell and C. J. Sharp, *English Folk Songs in the Southern Appalachians*, New York, 1917, pp. 55-61; F. J. Child, *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, Cambridge, 1886, II, pp. 187, 195-198; J. H. Cox, *Folk-Songs of the South*, Cambridge, 1925, pp. 46-63; A. K. Davis, *Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, Cambridge, 1929, pp. 192-220; A. P. Hudson, *Folk-*

Seldom does a ballad singer deliberately tamper with the words. His function, as he sees it, is to recite what he has been taught, sense or not.² Changes in diction are hence largely unconscious and for reasons he himself is hardly aware of. Basic among them is, of course, lapse of memory. He forgets easily those words without connotation for him, a fact helping to explain why American variants of popular ballads are often poorer than English. It may explain as well why proper names are quickest to be corrupted; why, in the ballad under consideration, the heroine's name gets mutilated sadly: Ellinor, Ellender, Ellendor, Ellendor, Ellintor, Ellenger, Ellington, Alender, Fair Ellen, Fairrellater, Fairelenda, Rillander, Lady Ellenor, Helen, etc. Here exemplified are two sorts of fluctuation common throughout this ballad: the first, where barbarisms persist, like Fairrellater, Fairelenda, and Rillander, concoctions which must sound as absurd to the singer himself as to any audience; the second, where the unfamiliar is made the familiar, like Helen or Ellen.³ Although there is certainly a tendency toward the second kind, the very occurrence of the first, it seems to me, is evidence that the singer will not take liberties with his inheritance. "Thomas," the name of the hero, survives surprisingly well, doubtless because it is common to everybody; remaining, in fact, in all texts examined save one, Scarborough E.⁴ where the hero is "Jimmy Randolph." "Lord" is degraded in three variants only: "Sir" (McGill), "Loyd" (Cox E), and "Low" (Smith E).⁵

Campbell-Sharp B contains the line, "They took him to be some lord" (usually "king"), thereby losing the significance of both his title and the line. Hudson E transfers the rank of the son to the mother,

Songs of Mississippi and Their Background, Chapel Hill, 1936, pp. 78-87; G. L. Kittredge, "Ballads and Rhymes from Kentucky," *JAF*, XX, pp. 254-255; W. R. Mackenzie, *Ballads and Sea Songs from Nova Scotia*, Cambridge, 1928, pp. 20-22; J. McGill, *Folk-Songs of the Kentucky Mountains*, New York, 1917, pp. 26-33; E. C. Perrow, "Songs and Rhymes from the South," *JAF*, XXVIII, p. 152; L. Pound, *American Ballads and Songs*, New York, 1922, pp. 27-31; D. Scarborough, *A Song Catcher in Southern Mountains*, New York, 1937, pp. 105-114; C. J. Sharp, *One Hundred English Folksongs*, Boston, 1916, pp. 65-67; R. Smith, *South Carolina Ballads*, Cambridge, 1928, pp. 110-120; A. H. Tolman, "Some Songs Traditional in the United States," *JAF*, XXIX, p. 159; L. Wyman and H. Brockway, *Twenty Kentucky Mountain Songs*, Boston, pp. 14-21.

²See W. R. Mackenzie, *The Quest of the Ballad*, Princeton, 1919, pp. 165-166, 175.

³Often the name is leveled to Ellen during recital, sometimes because an extra syllable would interfere with meter.

⁴Abbreviations used are the name of the author of the work in which the variant is printed, the letter of the variant, and, when necessary, the number of the stanza.

⁵Smith, *op. cit.*, p. 63: "because of his inconsistency."

"Lord Mother." "The brown girl" stays in most American texts. When variations occur, the most frequent are "the brown-skin girl" (as in Davis A) and "the brown-skinned girl" (as in Davis P), which improve the meaning.⁶ Occasionally "brown" is capitalized, merely for emphasis, perhaps; or quite likely the word has been taken as a surname analogous to "the Smith girl," as in Davis F, where the villainess is "Sally Brown."

A second cause of corruption is that a word did not make any sense to the singer when he learned it. Under this circumstance, he is liable to produce such folk etymologies as "regulate" for *riddle*; "I'll be tired," "I'll tie," and "betray" for *betide*; and "penny knife" and "pocket knife" for *penknife*. A third cause is that the learner did not hear correctly, even though the word may have been familiar to him. Faulty hearing is to be expected in the process of oral transmission; for in singing one tends to place emphasis on the vowel sounds but to skip or slur the consonants, which are the better means for distinguishing similar words. Faulty hearing may account for such interchange as "words," "wool," "sport," and "sword"; "deer" and "gear"; "beside" and "pre-side"; "long" and "lungs"; "the ring" and "there in"; "tingled," "tinkled," "lingered," "tingered," "jingled," "dingled," and "gingle."

One might expect a singer simply to drop those words and lines never understood or grown hazy in memory. But this is opposed by his impulse to stand by what he has been taught, by his audience, and by the demands of stanza and melody. However much may be made of the control of the ballad tradition over the individual singer, loyalty to words can be explained, at least in part, on more quickly credible grounds. In the midst of barbarisms, the singer is quite confident of rendering the words correctly, that is, as they were given him. His ego hates to admit to himself or to others that he never comprehended or has forgotten. The listeners have heard the ballad many times before, some of them from the predecessor of the present singer. They want exactly the same thing again. Furthermore, the singer must do his best to uphold stanza structure, else he will be thrown off his tune: for the typical ballad melody is a unit coordinated with this structure, repeating itself every stanza or, at most, every second or third. Rather than leave a gap in the metrical formation, the singer will repeat phrases and lines, and shift content between stanzas:

Good news, good news, good news, good news,
Good news I bring to thee. (Davis R 4)

⁶See *ibid.*, p. 109.

Lord Thomas he was a brave young man,
 The keeping of bachelor's hall.
 Come riddle to me, my mother dear,
 Come riddle to me as one. (Campbell-Sharp A 1)¹

Thus both stanzaic form and melody, in so far as it operates by way of form, may generate corruptions simply by keeping the singer from omitting. At the same time, the tune may aid his memory and thus retard decay of diction.²

Rime likewise is a capricious influence. To examine the riming words throughout the variants of "Lord Thomas" would be to find them more stable than the diction generally. Rimes are slow to change, are easy to remember. By increasing the natural pause at the ends of verses, they help preserve the stanza form. They ought to oppose corruptions, and yet—

The sight of the money made the old woman rave,
 To see that the sailor had plenty for to gave.³

Here is rime at any cost. Elsewhere, though, it seems to count for nothing, many stanzas of "Lord Thomas" showing not a trace of it. Ballad rimes might be a better preservative of diction if they were more exacting; despite the "rave-gave" combination, identical rimes, assonance, and other crudities seem to satisfy oral transmission, partly because of the slurring of consonants already mentioned, which warrants *hand, man*, and the like, partly because of general carelessness in enunciation. Rime irregularities in "Lord Thomas" include *white-like, none-home, deer-dear, haste-feast, ring-in, me-body* (very frequent), *done-groom, blue-groom*, etc. Of course, these when sung are not so bad as they appear on paper, which cannot take into consideration the flexibility of the singer's pronunciation.⁴

¹Of course there are a few texts where stanzas are far out of the usual ballad meter:
 The wedding was gotten,
 The table was set,
 The first to sit down was Lord Thomas himself.
 The bride, Fair Ellenter, by his side (Babcock 13).

²See Pound, *op. cit.*, pp. xxvi-xxvii.

³Mackenzie, *The Quest of the Ballad*, p. 177.

⁴Hudson, in an unpublished appendix to *Folk-Songs of Mississippi and Their Background*, MS. p. 420, speaks of a "tendency toward lax articulation, especially of final consonants after continuants, as in *land, first, past, soft*, etc. With this may be connected in general a soft and low timbre of voice and a relatively slow tempo in speech." P. 425: "'Green-king,' which does not have even good assonance in ordinary pronunciation, does actually have it in the pronunciation of many Mississippi people, who say 'keeng' for *king*. It should be added, however, that the word is frequently pronounced 'kang,' perhaps through influence of negro speech. 'One-home' would be good assonance in some sections of the United States, but not in Mississippi."

In the following paragraphs, Child D, which is of earliest publication among the variants and is close to the broadsides, is taken as a standard to show deviation. This is strictly arbitrary, because, unfortunately, one cannot uncover anything external about the relationship of the texts, and hence cannot assume that any variant exerted direct influence on any other. Child D begins,

Lord Thomas he was a bold forrester,
And a chaser of the king's deer;
Faire Ellinor was a fair woman,
And Lord Thomas he loved her dear.

Considering how easily expository matter gets lost, one is hardly surprised at finding this stanza rare in America. Where it persists, Lord Thomas ordinarily has no calling, but is simply "a nice young man" (Davis G), "a brave man" (Hudson E), or "a gay gentleman" (Cox D). "Forrester" appears but three times (Barry - Eckstorm - Smyth A., Campbell-Sharp K, Davis B), an infrequency logical in a country where the term is technical in the Civil Service. "Stockkeeper" (Davis C) and "bold officer" (Barry A) are cases of improvisation to recapture complete meaning. "Bold biler" (Tolman) might be a corruption of "soldier" (as in Davis P, Scarborough A, etc.); more likely it is *boiler* (meaning boiler-maker) with the same atavic pronunciation as "biled shirt" or "riled" (for *roiled*)."

Child's "fair woman," sometimes forgetting its contrast against "the brown girl," fades to "fine woman" (Barry-Eckstorm-Smyth C) or "sweet young lady" (Pound). For Child's second line may be substituted "was captain of his own hall" (Davis P), "he rode a many a town" (Davis F), or approximations, "town" having for rime in the fourth line "around" or "Sally Brown." The prepositional "a" (in "he rode a many a town"), which is a worn-down Old English form, is especially prevalent before *ing* endings, as in "a-flowing away from me" (Cox H 13), "a-floating down by me" (Davis L 14), etc. In the line, "the keeping of bachelor's hall," (Campbell-Sharp A), "the" may be a corruption of this kind of "a." The pleonastic pronoun of Child's "Lord Thomas he was a bold forrester" is common in many ballads and in dialects, especially after proper names. A loose, intensive use of "all," as in "captain all of the hall" (Davis G), though now mainly dialectal, is as frequent in this ballad as any other signification of the word—"his

¹¹NE *boil* (to bubble) from OF *bullire*; NE *boil* (a tumor) from OE *byle*. Hence, perhaps, "bile on the neck" and by analogy "biler." In the seventeenth century *boiled* was spelled phonetically *byled*.

clothing all in white" (Barry A 4), "he clipped all off his own bride's head" (Davis G 13), etc.

Child D 2 begins, "Come riddle my riddle, dear mother, he said." This ballad commonplace becomes "riddle these words" (Smith D), "riddle your sword" (Belden B), "riddle your sport" (Belden D), "riddle this vote" (Davis M), "riddle my discourse" (Belden A), "riddle it well" (Davis B), "read it all in wool" (Tolman), "regulate" (Babcock), etc. More than slips in comprehension or hearing, some interchanges here may be efforts toward new sense. Riddling by the sword, for instance, may echo back to the ancient folk belief in the object-soul, which is manifest in such a custom as swearing by a weapon, as in "A Gest of Robin Hood," "Queen Eleanor's Confession," "The Bonnie House o Airlie," and "The Gypsie Laddie."¹² "Wool" may imply the spinning of the fates.¹³ "Vote" perhaps retains the old meaning of prayer or ardent desire. Opposed to such interpretations of "wool" and "vote" is the fact of both meanings' having been obsolete since the seventeenth century, at least in literature; though it is possible that both words in these variants were transmitted accurately for long generations, whereas such members of the group as "words" and "sport" developed more recently. "Read" is quite right—to discover the significance of a riddle. In many variants, the "riddle my riddle" commonplace sinks under such improvisations as "tell me true" (Davis P), "tell the story true" (Cox F), "tell me a story or two" (Davis E), "tell your willing mind" (Davis R), "well me your design" (Campbell-Sharp E), "listen to me" (Hudson D), "spend your opinion" (Davis J), "go roll a song" (Campbell-Sharp B), and "come lean on me, mother" (Hudson C). Already in Child D, the second line of the stanza appears decayed—"riddle us both as one." Counterparts are "riddle it o'er and o'er" (Belden A), "both at once" (Hudson E), "all into one" (Barry-Eckstorm-Smyth C), "both one and two" (Belden C), "riddle in three" (Smith D), "the things I dreamed last night" (Cox I), "come advise your own dear son" (Wyman-Brockway 1), "can't you see I'm all undone" (Wyman-Brockway 6). Davis P achieves excellent fresh meaning from the second line:

Come tell to me which one:
Must I marry the brown-skinned girl
And leave fair Ellinor alone?

¹²See L. C. Wimberly, *Folklore in the English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, Chicago, 1928, pp. 92-98.

¹³NED, X, part 2, p. 274: "until the Parcae spunne their whitest wooll"—*Hue and Cry after Cupid*.

In Child D 3, the mother advises her son to choose the brown girl because she "has got houses and lands" and Ellinor "has got none;" in 4 Lord Thomas sets off to see the heroine. In 5 he arrives:

But when he came to Fair Ellinor's bower,
He knocked there at the ring.

Only two American variants keep "bower" (Cox C, Smith B). Usual substitutes are "gate" (Barry-Eckstorm-Smyth B, Campbell-Sharp B, Cox D, etc), and "hall" (Cox E, Davis C, Hudson E, etc.); less frequent are "door" (Davis A, B, Smith D), "walls" (Davis L), "place" (Hudson D), "house" (Davis R), and "home" (Mackenzie A). Child's "knocked" is itself confused, the commonplace being the English "to tinkle at the ring" or the Scottish "to tirl the pin."¹ How little either must mean to American singers is indicated by the following assortment of nonsense: "knocked thereat therein" (Smith B), "tingered down low at the ring" (Cox G), "jingled around the ring" (Davis D), "jingled was loud at the ring" (Davis G), "all jingling in the rings" (Cox E), "danced upon the ring" (Davis C). Elsewhere, by intention or accident, semblance of sense emerges: "knocked till he tingled the ring" (Davis I), "rattled, the bell did ring" (Davis J), "rattled the bell and it rang" (Davis E), etc. Occasionally some new kind of action is described: "and there he did knock and ring" (Smith A), "he tingled the bell with his cane" (Wyman-Brockway 4), "they rang their bells and tingled their rings" (Cox H), "she pulled up all her rein" (Wyman-Brockway 9), "to the gate with a mighty din" (Belden B).

Ellinor goes to the door, admits Lord Thomas, demands the news. In Child D 6, he replies,

I am come to bid thee to my wedding,
And that is bad news to thee.

"Bad news" shifts to "sad news" (Davis I), "mighty sad news" (Barry-Eckstorm-Smyth C), "most sorrowful news" (Davis N), and "most miserable news" (Pound). Interchanges with the last line include "may the Lord have mercy on me" (Cox G), "what do you think of me?" (Wyman-Brockway), and "beneath the sycamore tree" (Sharp A). "Ain't that good news to thee?" (Davis K) is unusual in its irony.

In Child D 7, Ellinor laments this news, and in 8, which is incremental repetition of 2, asks her mother to "riddle" whether she ought to go to

¹See Smith, *op. cit.*, pp. 61-62. Among other corruptions from other ballads Smith lists "tingled at the wire," "knocked till he made things ring," and "knocks at the ring and picks up a pin."

the wedding. Thereupon, in 9 and 10, mother and daughter hold the following conversation:

There's many that are your friends, daughter,
And many that are your fo;
Therefore I charge you on my blessing,
To Lord Thomas's wedding don't go.

There's many that are my friends, mother,
If a thousand more were my foe,
Betide my life, betide my death,
To Lord Thomas's wedding I'll go.

Among the texts examined, the size of the wedding varies greatly:

One might be your friend, dear girl,
Five hundred might be your foe. (Davis I)

O some may be your friends, dear daughter,
Whilst thousands may be your foes. (Cox C)

It's hundreds are your friends, daughter,
And thousands are your foes. (Sharp A)

Ten thousand of your friends will be there,
Ten thousand of your foes. (Davis E)

Prevalent as hyperbole is in ballads, here are chronicle proportions, out-exaggerating the "fiue hundred preists" who "said masse that day in Durham in the feild," and vying with the "fifteen hondrith archers of Ynglonde" and the "twenti hondrith spear-men of Skotlonde" in the "Hunting of the Cheviot," or with the "forty thowsande of Skottes and fowre" at Otterburn. It may be significant that, as the number of friends and foes increases, so does the probability of their presence, beginning with the contrary to fact "were," passing through the uncertain "might be" and "may be," and ending with the positive "are" and "will be." While mere corruption may account for this leveling to the indicative, so, on the other hand, might gusto on the part of some epic-minded singer.

In Child D 11, Ellinor sets out for the wedding:

She clothed herself in gallant attyre,
And her merry men all in green,
And as they rid through everye towne,
They took her to have been a queene.

This stanza must appeal to singers, for it is one of the most widespread throughout the variants examined. Yet, paradoxically, it shows no sensible improvisation. Like most ballad description, the pictures of

Ellinor, or of Lord Thomas," simply repeat ballad commonplaces: "all in white," "silk so fine," "lily-white," "suit of red," "scarlet red," "milk-white steed," "crown so merry and green," etc. They do well to repeat, because when they do not they corrupt; "lily brown" (Scarborough E.), "sky-light red" (Babcock), "pearl of gold" (Smith E), "diamond green" (Davis F), "scarlet green" (Hudson C). To judge from these absurdities, "sky-light," "pearl," and "scarlet" must be nothing more than gorgeous sounds to their singers. Child's "merry men" appears as "married men" (Cox A), "wait-men" (Davis L), "wait-maids" (Davis E), "waiters" (Hudson E), "tiremen" (Smith B), and "cumbrance" (Belden C). "Wait-men" and "wait-maids" evidently signify waiting men and waiting maids, but I cannot find the shortened form warranted in either old or dialectal diction. "Waiters," applied to grooms, bridesmaids, or waiting women; "tiremen," aphaeristic from *retire*; and "cumbrance," for *encumbrance*, are all obsolete. Instead of referring to Ellinor's attendants, however, "cumbrance" might be a corruption of *cummerbund*, rightly a sash, but in Yorkshire ribbons and feminine frills generally. Often it is not her servants', but Ellinor's (or Lord Thomas's) own dress which is described in this second line of the stanza: "his clothing all in white" (Barry A), "her garments were all of green" (Smith A), "her waist was braided green" (Davis M), "her head was dressed in green" (Wyman-Brockway), "her beauty dressed in green" (Davis K), etc. Further deviations are "the prettiest I ever seen" (Davis I), "and costliest jewels seen" (Barry-Eckstorm-Smyth B), "her image it was green" (Campbell-Sharp B), "all trimmed in an immense of green" (Cox D). Interpreted most generously as an impropriety meaning physical appearance, "image" still falls short of sense. "Immense" might be a further corruption of *cummerbund*, or might indicate an immense amount of trimming. In Hudson C, Ellinor arrays, not her servants or herself, but "her horse in scarlet green."

A stanza like the following appears in many American variants and in Child Db, Df, and Dg, though not in D. As a substitute from which to show divergence, Db serves best:

He took her by the lily-white hand,
And led her through the hall;
He set her in the noblest chair,
Among the ladies all.

¹⁵In many American variants, a stanza on Lord Thomas's appearance when he visits Ellinor supplants Child D 4, but is like Child D 11.

This is a healthy stanza everywhere. On commonplaces it depends but slightly, clear cases of their use being scarce: "waist so small" (Child Dg), golden chair variations (Child Df, Cox G, Davis A), "merry maids" (Child Df, Davis N), "flower of you all" (Babcock). In all texts examined there occur only two folk etymologies—"sing" for *saying* and "bright side" for *right side*. Unlike the preceding stanza, this one has been improvised richly, yet it is descriptive like the preceding. The difference is that the other stanza, thoroughly English, stays English wherever it goes, while this finds a native setting in every community. Riding in green and being mistaken for a queen were far away and long ago, but each singer knows all about weddings. He rams in local color so much in Cox G that he bursts the stanza pattern:

And led her through where the beds were made,
And the tables were spread and the ladies were dancing thereby.

Local wedding ways touch up other variants also: "led her up to the head of the table" (Kittredge), "sot her at the head of the bed" (Smith D), "took her in the parlor" (Cox I), "upstairs where the guests were seated round" (Hudson D). Further realism is the descent but acclimatization of the chair, from "noblest chair" (Child Db), "gold leaf chair" (Davis A), "golden cheer" (Cox G), and "highest seat" (Cox B) to "high chair" (Hudson B), "rocking chair" (Wyman-Brockway), "big arm chair" (Babcock), "their very best chair" (Davis H).

In Child D 13,⁴ Ellinor sees the bride and to Lord Thomas remarks, "Methinks she looks wondrous brown." The archaic "methinks," usually modernized to "I think," half persists in Mackenzie A as "I thinks," or becomes "I'm sure" (Davis A), "to me" (Barry A), etc. "Wondrous" modifies to "wonderful" (Campbell-Sharp A), "dreadful" (Davis F), "dismal" (Davis L), "scornfully" (Cox I), "tremendous" (Cox A), "quite" (Davis A), "very" (Smith E), "miserable" (Campbell-Sharp F), "mighty" (Cox B), apocopic "might" (Hudson A), and the barbarism "mortifful" (Hudson E), which seems hybrid between *mortal* and *wonderful*. Or it might come from *mortific* or *mortiferous* or from several dialect senses of *mort*. The bride is "wonderful black" (Mackenzie B), "pale" (Davis M), "wan" (Barry A), these last two adjectives, which hardly suit the brown girl, borrowed stupidly from Child D 16 or its parallels. In Child D 14, Lord Thomas replies,

⁴Child D 12 is incremental repetition of 3.

Despise her not, Fair Ellin, he sayd,
 Despise her not unto mee;
 For better I love thy little finger
 Than all her whole body.

The stanza is missing from most American texts. Where it occurs, the first line may say "O hush your tongue" (Davis P), "go hold your tongue" (Campbell-Sharp A), "nay, blame her not," (Davis B), "don't throw on slurs" (Cox H), or "throw none of your sneers" (Scarborough D). "Thy little finger" intensifies to "your finger's end" (Davis P) and "your little finger nail" (Campbell-Sharp A). Mackenzie A transfers Lord Thomas's affection to the brown girl, thus lessening her motivation for killing Ellinor:

For better I love her little finger,
 Than all your whole body."

In Child D 15, the brown girl "pricked Fair Ellinor to the heart" with "a little penknife." "Pricked" becomes "plunged" (Cox H), "pitched" (Davis K), "pressed" (Smith E), "pierced" (Hudson D), "pearched" (Hudson E), "pearced" (Scarborough C), "thrust" (Davis D), "stabbed" (Davis O), "stuck" (Allen), "stove" (Davis F). "Pearchd" is a synonym for *pierced* still current in Cumberland, Lancaster, Lincoln, and York dialects. "Stove" is a variant of *staved*, here meaning "drove with a heavy blow." Both words are provincialisms in the United States. "Oh Christ now save thee," exclaims Lord Thomas, in Child D 16, and asks Ellinor why she looks "wondrous wan." In 17 is her answer, that her heart's blood "runs trickling down" her knee. In 18, Lord Thomas beheads his bride:

Lord Thomas he had a sword by his side,
 As he walked about the hall;
 He cut off his bride's head from her shoulders,
 And threw it against the wall.

"Sword" may be "long broad-sword" (Smith C), "long, bright sword" (Hudson B), "little hand-sword" (Cox A), "sabre" (Belden C), or "dirk" (Scarborough C). "Bright sword" and "hand-sword" are likely folk etymologies for "broad-sword," the more technical term. "Cut" changes to "clipped" (Davis G) and to "chopped" (Davis H). "Threw" intensifies in violence as "cast" (Cox A), "knocked" (Scarborough C),

¹¹Two American variants (Cox E, Davis H) have a "washing" motif as further cause for the murder. Although absent from Child D, this appears in most of the other Child texts.

"dashed" (Hudson B), "flung" (Sharp A), "slung" (Barry-Eckstorm-Smyth C), "slammed" (Davis I), "stove" (Hudson E), "staved" (Davis L), and "stowed" (Davis M), the last probably a mistake for *stove* or *staved*. Davis B presents the unusual in America, a stanza better than Child's:

Lord Thomas he wore a sword by his side,
It leaped from his side with a bound;
It touched the brown girl on the throat;
Her head rolled on the ground.

In Child D 19, Lord Thomas despatches himself:

He set the hilt against the ground,
And the point against his heart;
There was never three lovers that ever met
More sooner did they part.

For the first line are substituted "planted the hilt in the dust" (Smith A), "placed the handle against the wall" (Davis N), "pointed the handle toward the sun" (Smith E), "put the butt against the ground" (Kit-tredge), "bent the sword all to the floor" (Davis A), "went shuffling over the floor" (Smith D), etc. Child's last line, itself corrupt, appears as "no sooner did they part" (Sharp A), "that were so soon apart" (Barry A), "but sadly they did part" (Davis A), "so sorrowful they must part" (Cox C), "sudden in death to part" (Campbell-Sharp B), "Lord send their souls to rest" (Cox H), "pray take their souls to rest" (Campbell-Sharp A), "God, send them home to rest" (Davis D), "sent to their heavenly rest" (Smith D), etc. Similarity of sound may account for the variations among "planted," "placed," "pointed," "put," also "pierced" (Davis A); among "sooner," "sadly," "sorrowful," "sudden," "souls," also "sure" (Mackenzie A), "saying" (Cox H), and "sing" (Cox B).

With the stanza above, Child D and many American texts are finished. Others have some variation of the conventional burial close, and a few add the "flower" motif. But this is without significance, because it is attached to any suitable ballad, seemingly at the singer's will.

Changes in words are what differentiate the variants of "Lord Thomas." Structure naturally shifts somewhat, but compared with word alteration it may be said to stand like stone against the buffets of time and migration; while the words, like chameleons, change color with their environment. In every locality they are different, and with every singer.

Yet no singer changes the words intentionally. The flux derives unconsciously from lapse of memory, from lack of comprehension, from faulty hearing, from assurance of accurate recital, and, to an extent, from the demands of stanza, melody, and rime, which prevent omissions. Such influences of oral transmission have all worked together to produce the conglomerate sense, nonsense, and new sense that constitute this ballad.

University of North Carolina.

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NEBRASKA COUNTING OUT RHYMES

by Florence Maryott

FOR generations children have learned counting out rhymes from older playmates and, in turn, have passed them on to newcomers by word of mouth. The counting out rhymes in the following collection have been gathered from many sources during the last five years. Students at the University of Nebraska have contributed a large part. They supplied not only the rhymes that they themselves used as juveniles, but they asked their parents to recall the rhymes used in Nebraska in their childhood. Children in the public schools supplied the formulas in present currency. Such cooperation made it possible to include in the present display typical counting out rhymes of three generations of Nebraskans. The collection is not complete, of course; probably it never could be, because of the shifting character of its material. But it is as exhaustive as I could make it, and it is representative. Very likely it exhibits little or nothing that is peculiar to or especially characteristic of Nebraska. Demarkation by state lines is always an arbitrary thing in the assembling of folklore. It is, however, a convenient and practical way to collect and to present material.

An attempt has been made to classify the entries according to topics or subject matter, a difficult and unsatisfactory thing to do because there is frequently no definite subject. Some attempt should be made at classification, however, if only to show the range of matter dealt with and the types of treatment. Attempts to classify by origin, by history, or by form would be even more problematical and open to criticism.

The first group includes unintelligible, often nonsensical, expressions or rhymes. Some of its entries, like many in other groups, are of Old World importation and undoubtedly date far back in their origin. They or their key lines probably had a meaning at one time, but they suffered the usual fate of traditional material; endless repetition and geographical migration obscured their content. No rhymes other than those used as counting out rhymes have been included in any group.

I

UNINTELLIGIBLE RHYMES

- 1 Eeny, meeny, miny, mo,
Cracka feny, finy, fo,
Aber nuger, papa tuger,
Ruka buck, banjo.

- 2 Eeny meeny miny mo,
Cracka feny finy fo,
Alma nutter palma tutter,
Brick brack die do,
Out goes she.
- 3 Eeny, meeny, dippery dick,
Delia, dilia, dominik,
Hitcha, pitcha, dominitcha,
One, pom, tusk.
- 4 Eeny, meeny, nona, my,
Barcelona, bona etry,
Kay bell, broken well,
We, wo, wach.
- 5 Eeny, meeny, miny, mick,
Bossy, lany, bony, strick,
K-breath, breaketh,
Hannaker, bannaker,
We, wo, wack.
- 6 Come helie come pelie come rale-me-day,
A lummie-dog lather-bag misterfergay,
A fore-go linge-bag, rosy-man bulewag
Shelie baboo and a lummie dog lather,
bag bull-wage-e-o.
- 7 Aina, maina, mona, mike,
Bassalora, bona, strike,
Hare, ware, frown, hack,
Halico, balico, wee, wo, ny, whack.
- 8 Kemo kimo limdon kimo,
Kemo kimo karo,
Strin stran popinadle,
Lola bala rig dan,
Sing song kittey gitche kimeo.
- 9 A hee and a high and a hump stump fumadiddle,
Set back a faniwiddle, in come a nitcat sing
song kitty gitche kimeo.
- 10 Onery, twory, tickery, seven,
Alibi, crackaby, ten and eleven,
Pin, pan, musky dan,
Tweedle-um, twoodle-um,
Twenty-one eerie, ouri, ouri,
You are out.

- 11 Rupso, oneso, twoso, zickasi zam,
Poptail, vinegar, pickle in the pan,
Ram, scam, birds anam,
Tee, taw, buck.
- 12 Ony, crozony, crozindo,
The Sheeny washed the window,
The window broke,
The Sheeny coked,
Ony, crozony, crozindo,
O-U-T
Spells out goes he.
- 13 Calcium, potassium,
Magnesium beer,
Nitrogen, oxygen,
Hydrogen dear,
Compound unit, atom fat,
You're the fool
Who's not at bat.
- 14 One's all, two's all, ziga's all zam
Pop-tail vinegar tickery tum tam,
Harum-scarum birds amerum,
See saw buck.
or
(Tee taw law buck.)
- 15 One-ery, two-ery, dickery dee,
Halibo, crackibo, dandeleee,
Pin, pan, muskerdan,
Quirdleum, twedleum, twenty-one.
Black fish, white trout,
Eeny, meeny, you go out.
- 16 Onery, twoery, tickery tee,
Hanibal, crackible, turnable,
Whing, whang, muskadan,
Shiddledum, straddledum,
Twenty-one.
- 17 Onery, twory, tickery te,
Elebo, crackebo, ten, er, ee,
Pin, pon, must be done,
Twiddle, come, twaddle, come twenty-one.

- 18 Onery, twoery, tickery seven,
Alibi, crackaby, ten and eleven,
Pin, pan, muskadan,
Tweedle-um, twaddle-um,
Twenty-one-ery, ouri, ouri,
You are out.
- 19 One-ery, two-ery, ickery Ann
Phylisy, phalisy, Nicholas John,
Queeby, quaby, Irish Mary,
Hokum, sokum, jollico buck.
- 20 One-ery, two-ery, bickary, bun,
Fillison, follison, Nicholas John,
Quever, quauver, Irish Mary,
Stinkarum, stankarum, buck.
- 21 Eerie, orie, ickery Ann,
Filosy, folosy, Nicholas John,
Queery quarry, English navy,
Stinkum, stankum, buck,
You're out.
(Eerie orie, buck, you're out.)
- 22 Onery, oory, ickry, Ann,
Mulberry, waxy, tary, tann,
Quively, quavely,
English navy,
Stringen, strangle-on buck.
- 23 Onry, onry, ickory Ann,
Filsom, folsom, Nicholas, John,
Queery, quarry, English navy,
Stiglum, staglum, buck.
or
(Rinktum, tinktum, buck.)
or
(Spingledum, spangledum, buck.)
- 24 Onery, oory, iry, ickry, Ann,
Fillison, follison, Nicholas John,
Queever, quaver,
English naver,
Stinkmun stunkmun barnegie buck.
- 25 Evi, ivy, erickvy Ann,
Filsy, folsy, Nicholas John,
Queever, quaver, English neighbor,
Stridle come, stradle come, back.

- 26 Inty, minty, tippity, fig,
Dener, diner, nonner, nig,
Oats, floats, country notes,
Dener, diner, tis.
- 27 Inty minty dibbety fig,
Ol-ye dal-ye dominig,
Itchy, pitchy, dominitchy,
Om pom tusk,
Alla balla boo,
Out goes you.
- 28 Inty, minty, cutie corn,
Apple seeds and apple thorns,
Wire, briar, limber, lock,
Three geese in a flock,
One flew east, one flew west,
And one flew over the cuckoo's nest.
- 29 Intery, mintery, kittery, corn,
Apple seeds and apple thorns,
Briar, briar, limber lock,
Three geese sat in a flock,
Sat and sing,
By the spring,
And count O-U-T, out.
- 30 Intre mintre cutre corn,
Apple seed and apple thorn,
Wire briar limber-lock,
Three geese in a flock,
One flew east and one flew west,
One flew over the cuckoo's nest.
Coo-coo, coo-coo.
- 31 Intery, mintery, cuttery corn,
Apple seed and apple thorn,
One flew east and one flew west,
And one flew over the cuckoo's nest.
- 32 Inteny, minteny, cuteny corn,
Apple seed, briar thorn,
Wire, briar, limber, lock,
Three geese in a flock,
One flew east, one flew west,
One flew over the cuckoo's nest,
O-U-T, out.

- 33 Enter, minter, pewter, corn,
Apple seeds and apple thorns,
Wire, briar, limber lock,
Three geese in a flock,
Watch'em, catch'em,
Put 'em in a pen,
One flew east and one flew west,
One flew over the cuckoo's nest.
- 34 Enter, menter, pewter, corn,
Apple seeds and apple thorns,
Wire, briar, limber lock,
Six geese in a flock,
Sit and sing around the spring,
There are jewels, there are rings,
There are many pretty things,
Ram's horn blow the bellows out,
Little-Old-Man.
- 35 High, spy, limber lock,
Three geese in a flock,
One flew east and one flew west,
And one flew over the cuckoo's nest.
- 36 Peter Mutrimity Tram
He is a good water man,
He catches hens
And puts them in pens.
Some lay eggs and some lay none.
Wire briar limber lock,
Three geese in a flock.
O-U-T spells out.
- 37 Inta, minta, diggity fig,
Deelie, dolie, domonig,
Onchtie, ponchtie, polly boo,
Out goes you.
- 38 Ink, mink, pepper, stink,
Ally, cally, pooh,
O-U-T spells out goes you.
- 39 Ikke blicky, combatty, see see.
- 40 Ibsy, bibsy, sibsy, sob,
Ibsy, bibsy, kenobby.
- 41 Ibbity, bibbity, sibbity, sob,
Ibbity, bibbity, conoggit.
(Repeated.)

- 42 Ibedy, bibbidity, sibbidity, sob,
Ibedy, bibbidity, camila,
Ibedy, bibbidity, sibbidity sob,
Ibedy, bibbidity, camila.
- 43 Ibbity, bibbity, ibbity sob,
Ibbity, bibbity, vanilla,
Dictionary down the ferry,
Tun, tun, American gun,
Eighteen hundred and ninety-one.
- 44 Heela, heela, dipsa deela,
Heela, hola, dema nolo,
Hotsha, botsha, dema notsha,
Hie ben dotz.
- 45 Gableo, gable end,
Rancy, fancy as a man,
Willie helpie, all'e can,
On your gable end.
- 46 Ely dely dipsy dely ili oli,
Dominali otchi batchi dominatchi,
I been dose.
- 47 Otchie, potchie, dominotchie,
Tusk in, tusk out,
All around the river spout.
Have a peach, have a plum,
Have a box of chewing gum.
O-U-T spells out goes he.
- 48 Acker backer,
Soda cracker,
Acker backer boo,
Acker backer,
Soda cracker,
Out goes you.
or
(Aka baka bona crocka
Aka baka toose.)
- 49
.....
Hicky, picky, dominitchy
High, pon, thus.
- 50
Phyllis and Phallis and Nichalos John
Queery, quavy,
English navy
.....

II

NUMERICAL RHYMES

- 1 One for the money,
Two for the show,
Three to make ready,
Four to go.
- 2 Put-one-O, put-two-O, put-three-O,
Put-four-O, put-five-O, put-six-O,
Put-seven-O, put-eight-O.
- 3 One, two, buckle my shoe,
Three, four, close the door,
Five, six, pick up sticks,
Seven, eight, lay them straight.
- 4 One, two, sky blue,
All out but you.
- 5 One, two, three,
The bumble bee,
The rooster crows,
And away he goes.
- 6 One two three four five six seven,
All good children go to Heaven,
A B C squat where you be.
- 7 One two three four five six seven,
All good children go to heaven,
All bad children go below,
To keep company with Guiteau.
- 8 One two three four five six seven,
All good children go to heaven,
All bad children have to wait,
One two three four five six seven eight.
- 9 One two three four five six seven,
All good children go to heaven,
Some go up and some go down,
And some go running all over town.
(And some go riding through the town.)
- 10 One two three,
Mother caught a flea,
Flea died, mother cried,
One, two three.
(Out goes he.)

- 11 One two three,
Out goes he,
In the middle of the sea.
- 12 One two three four,
Mother scrubbed the kitchen floor,
Floor dried, mother cried,
One, two, three, four.
- 13 One two three four five,
I caught a hare alive,
Six seven eight nine ten,
I let him go again.
- 14 Mother at the kitchen door,
Eating cherries from a plate,
Five six seven eight.
- 15 One potato, two potato, three potato, four,
Five potato, six potato, seven potato, more,
O-U-T spells out goes he.
- 16 Eins zwei drei,
Mother caught a fly,
The fly died and mother cried,
Eins zwei drei.
- 17 One two three four five six seven,
All good children go to heaven.
All the others go below
..... by jumbo.

III

ADAPTATIONS FROM CHILDREN'S GAMES

- 1 Turn to the east,
Turn to the west,
Turn to the one you love the best.
- 2 King William was King James's son,
Upon a royal race he run,
Upon his breast he wore a star,
Point to the eastern, western star,
Go choose your east,
Go choose your west,
Go choose the one that you love best,
If he's not here to take your part,
Choose another with all your heart.
Down upon this carpet you must kneel,
Sure as the grass grows green in the field,
Salute your bride and kiss your sweet,
And then you may rise upon your feet.

- 3 Ring around the roses,
Pocket full of posies,
Last one down has to be it.
- 4 Ring around the rosies,
A pocket full of posies,
Last one down's a nigger baby.
- 5 Little Sally Walker,
Sitting in the cellar,
Rise, Sally, rise,
Wipe out your eyes,
Point to the east,
Point to the west,
Point to the one
That you love best.
- 6 Though you're shod in dainty sandals,
Yea a Goth's and yea a vandal's,
When ye brew your home made scandals,
Round your dish of tea,
Dancing my way from dark to dawn,
O ladies ye are kittle, kattle,
Don't you have tittle, tattle?
Round a dish of tea.
- 7 Pump, pump, pull away,
If you don't come now,
I will pull you away.
- 8 Dr. Scott was a good school teacher,
He whipped his scholars and made them dance,
Out of Germany into France,
Out of France into Spain,
And then he whipped them back again.
- 9 A bushel of wheat, a bushel of rye,
Who isn't ready, holler "I".
- 10 A bushel of wheat, a bushel of clover,
Who isn't ready, can't hide over.
- 11 A sack of wheat, a sack of clover,
Who ain't ready, can't hide over.
- 12 Here we come!
Where are you from?
New Orleans.
What's your trade?
Ice cream and lemonade.
Show us some if you're not afraid.

IV

TONGUE TWISTERS

- 1 The jolly Chinaman chuckled and chortled.
- 2 Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers,
A peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked,
If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers,
Where's the peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked?
- 3 Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers,
A peck of pickled peppers?
How many pecks of pickled peppers
Did Peter Piper pick?
- 4 I asked the tooter to toot the tooter,
But the tooter wouldn't toot the tooter,
'Cause the tooter wouldn't toot.
- 5 To sit in solemn silence in a dull dark dock,
In a pestilential prison with a life long lock,
Awaiting the sensation of a short sharp shock,
From a cheap, chippy chopper on a big back block.
A short sharp shock,
A cheap chippy chopper on a big back block.
- 6 To sit in a solemn dull dark dock,
In a pestilential prison with a life long lock,
Awaiting the sensation of a short sharp shock,
From a cheap chipping chopper on a big black block.

V

GUESSING RHYMES

- 1 Inky, minky, bottle of beer,
How many monkeys are there here?
One, two, three, spells out goes he.
- 2 A monkey, a monkey, a bottle of beer,
How many monkeys are there here?
One, two, three, out goes she.
- 3 Cinderella dressed in yellow,
Went down stairs to meet her fellow,
How many kisses did she give him?
One two three four etc.

- 4 Cinderella dressed in yellow,
Went upstairs to kiss her fellow,
How many kisses did she get?
One two three four five.
- 5 Jean, Jean,
Dressed in green,
Went up town,
To eat ice-cream.
How many dishes did she eat?
One two three four five.
- 6 I love coffee,
I love tea,
How many boys
Will there be?
- 7 I love coffee, I love tea,
How many boys are stuck on me?
One two three four five,
- 8 Grace, Grace, dressed in lace,
Went upstairs to powder her face,
How many boxes did she use?
One two three four five.
- 9 Ginger, Ginger had some puppies,
How many puppies did she have?
One two three four five.
- 10 Mingledey, mingledey, clap, clap, clap,
How many fingers do I hold up?
- 11 Tick, tack, toe,
Around I go,
Where I stop,
I don't know.
- 12 Spit, spat, spie,
Tell me where that —— is
Or I'll hit you in the eye.
- 13 Roly, poly shot a bear,
And he shot him right in there.
(The person who was counted out had an opportunity to guess who it was that poked him in the back when the word "there" was said.)
- 14 Handy-dandy-riddledy ro
Which will you have, high or low?

VI

TEASING RHYMES

- 1 Bill is it,
And has a fit,
And doesn't know how
To get over it.
- 2 Mary, baum barry teehadle go ferry,
Beelegged, bilegged, bowlegged, Mary.
- 3 ——— is mad and I am glad,
I know what to please him,
A bottle of ink to make him stink,
A bottle of wine to make him shine,
And a big fat darky to kiss him.
- 4 Smarty, smarty, had a party,
Nobody came but a big fat darky.
- 5 Red and yellor,
Kiss your feller,
Red and blue,
He'll kiss you.
- 6 Marjorie, comparjorie,
The ido-go-sarjorie,
Tee-legged, toe-legged,
Bow-legged Marjorie.
- 7 Little bird with a yellow bill,
Hopped upon my window sill,
Cocked his shiny eye and said,
"Aren't you ashamed?" you sleepy head.
- 8 He's mad, and I'm glad,
And I know what will please him,
A bottle of ink to make him stink,
And three little nigger babies to squeeze him.
- 9 Gray eye, greedy-gut,
Eat all the world up.
- 10 Georgie Porgie, pudding and pie,
Kissed the girls and made them cry,
When the girls came out to play,
Georgie Porgie ran away.

- 11 Fatty, fatty, two by four,
Hanging on the kitchen door,
When the door began to shake,
Fatty had the bellyache.
- 12 Down the valley where the green grass grows,
There sits ————— as pretty as a rose,
Along came ————— and kissed her on the nose.
- 13 Doctor, doctor, can you tell,
What will make poor Mary well?
She is sick and, about to die,
That will make poor Johnny cry.
- 14 Charley, barley, wheat and rye,
Kiss the girls and make them cry.
- 15 Black eye, pick a pie,
Turn around and tell a lie.
- 16 Teacher, teacher, married a preacher,
Preacher died and teacher cried,
And that's what made her cross-eyed.
- 17 Bessy go fessy, tussy go Bessy,
Tee legged, toe legged, bow legged Bessy.
- 18 Fatty on a broom stick,
Fatty on the sea,
Fatty got stung by a bumble bee.
- 19 Cry baby, cry baby, stick your finger in your eye,
Go tell our mother it wasn't I.

VII

ECHOES OF NURSERY RHYMES

- 1 Bean porridge hot,
Bean porridge cold,
Bean porridge in the pot,
Nine days old.
- 2 Rain, rain, go away,
Come again some other day,
Little Billy wants to play.
- 3 Little fishes in a brook,
Father caught them with his hook,
Mother fried them in a pan,
Father ate them like a man.

- 4 Lady-bug, lady-bug, fly away home,
Your house is on fire, your children will burn.
- 5 Lady bug, lady bug,
Turn around,
Lady bug, lady bug,
Touch the ground.
Lady bug, lady bug,
Fly away home,
Your house is on fire.
- 6 I had a little horse,
His name was Jack,
I put him in a barn,
And he jumped through a crack.
- 7 Higgledy, piggledy my son John,
Went to bed with his stockings on,
One shoe off and one shoe on,
Higgledy, piggledy my son John.
- 8 Hickory, dickory, dock,
The mouse ran up the clock,
The clock struck one,
And down he come,
Hickory, dickory, dock.
- 9 Fe, Fi, Fo, Fum,
I smell the blood of an Englishman,
Be he live, or be he dead,
I'll grind his bones to make me bread.
- 10 Eye winker, Tom Tinker,
Nose smeller, mouth eater,
Chin chopper, gully-wully-wully.
- 11 A diller a dollar, a ten o'clock scholar,
What makes you come so soon?
You used to come at ten o'clock,
And now you come at noon.
- 12 I had a mule named Jack,
I rode on his tail instead of his back,
His tail came off, and I fell off,
And that was the end of Jack.

VIII

ORACLES AND DIVINATIONS

- 1 Rich man, poor man,
Beggar man, thief,
Doctor, lawyer,
Merchant, chief.
Ragman, bagman,
Tinker, tailor,
Junk man, sailor.
- 2 Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief,
Doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief.
- 3 Stub your toe,
Kiss your thumb,
See your beau,
Before the day is done.
- 4 Little house, big house, pig-pen, barn.
- 5 Silk, satin, calico, rags.
- 6 Red and yellow, kiss your fellow,
Black and white, hold him tight.

IX

"NIGGER" RHYMES

- 1 Eeny, meny, miny, moe,
Catch a nigger by the toe,
If he hollers, let him go.
Eeny, meny, miny, moe.
One two three,
Out goes she.
- 2 Eeny meny miny moe,
Catch a nigger by the toe,
If he hollers make him pay,
Fifty dollars every day.
O-U-T spells out goes he,
With a dirty dish rag on his knee.
(In the middle of the bright blue sea.)
- 3 Some people say that niggers don't steal,
I caught some in my corn meal.
One two three four five six seven,
Eight nine ten eleven twelve.

- 4 Copper toed boots,
Tight knee breeches,
Rain come wet me,
Wind come dry me,
Go away white man,
Never come a-nigh me.
- 5 Niggy, niggy, never die,
Black face, china eye,
Crooked toe, tippy toe,
That's the way the niggers grow.
- 6 Filson, folson, Nicholas Dan,
Catch a nigger if you can.
When he hollers, let him go.
O-U-T spells out.
- 7 Nigger, nigger, hoe potater,
Half past alligator.
Ram, ram, bully nigger,
Sis wah dog.
- 8 See also III, 4; and VI, 3, 4, 8.

X

HOUSEHOLD INTERESTS

- 1 These are mothers's knives and forks,
This is daddy's table,
This is sister's looking glass,
This is baby's cradle.
- 2 Your mother and my mother,
Were hanging out clothes,
Your mother touched my mother on the nose.
- 3 We had a pie,
Made out of rye,
O'possum was the meat.
The crust was tough,
We had enough,
And more than all could
E-A-T, eat.
- 4 Wash my lady's dishes,
Hang them on the bushes,
When the bushes begin to crack,
Hang them on a donkey's back,
When the donkey begins to run,
Shoot him with a leather gun.

- 5 Eggs, butter, cheese, bread,
Stick, stock, stone dead.
- 6 Ice-cold lemonade made in the shade,
Stirred with a spade by an old maid.
- 7 Kick the can,
Punch the ice box.
- 8 Mabel, Mabel, set the table,
Don't forget the sugar, salt,
And red hot pepper.
- 9 As I went up the apple tree,
All the apples fell on me,
Bake a pudding, bake a pie,
Did you ever tell a lie?
Yes, you did, you know you did,
You broke your mother's tea pot lid.
L-I-D spells the word lid.

XI

ENGINE AND AUTOMOBILE RHYMES

- 1 Engine, engine, number nine,
Running on a Chicago line,
Engine, engine, number two,
All are out but you.
- 2 Engine, engine, number nine,
Running on Chicago line,
With a dish rag on behind,
Engine, engine, number nine.
One, two, three,
Out goes she.
- 3 Engine, engine, number nine,
Running on Chicago line,
Up the track, then come back,
You put your head in the sack.
- 4 Engine, engine, number nine,
Running on Chicago line,
One goes east and one goes west,
One goes in the cuckoo's nest.
- 5 A peanut sat on a railroad track,
Its heart was all aflutter,
Along came engine two sixteen,
Toot, toot, peanut butter.

- 6 When you drove a Buick, a great big Buick,
And I drove a little green Ford,
You tried to guy me as you passed by me.
Your insults I ignored.
You stuck in a mud hole,
A big slippery mud hole,
Your engine just raced and roared.
I pulled you out of that mud hole,
That big slippery mud hole,
By the tail of my little green Ford.
- 7 An automobile had one gallon of gas,
How many miles did it go?
One two three four five.
- 8 Mother, mother, I am sick,
Call for the doctor quick, quick, quick.
Doctor, doctor, will I die?
Yes, my dear, but don't you cry.
How many cars will there be at my funeral?
One two three four, etc.

XII

BITS OF OLD SONGS

- 1 I'm Captain Jenks of the horse marines,
I feed my horse on corn and beans,
Although it's quite beyond my means,
For I'm captain of the army.
- 2 Sam, Sam, the dirty man,
Washed his face in a frying pan,
Combed his hair with a wagon wheel,
And died with a toothache in his heel.
- 3 I'm a tinker good and true,
All covered o'er with iron, sir,
I've rosin enough and pewter too,
In which to mend your pan, sir.
- Mind the iron and the fire,
Mind the tinker too, sir,
Never let the tinker wait,
But pay him when he's through, sir.

The heat keeps running up the flue,
And heating all the while, sir,
I've rosin enough and pewter too,
In which to mend your pan, sir.

- 4 Down went McGinty to the bottom of the sea,
Do re me! Out goes she!

XIII

PRESENT-DAY ADAPTATIONS

- 1 Hurrah for Hoover, he's the man,
Threw Al Smith in the garbage can.
- 2 Sally Ran
Lost her fan,
Don't you look,
You nasty man.
- 3 Run get the listerine, grandma has a beau,
A boy's best friend is his mother—his mother.
- 4 Jimmie broke a milk bottle,
And blamed it on to me.
I told Ma; Ma told Pa,
Jimmie got the licking,
Ha, ha, ha.
- 5 Happy Hooligan sat on a pin,
How many inches did it go in?
One two three four, etc.
- 6 Charlie Chaplin sat on a pin,
How many inches did it go in?
One two three four five.
- 7 As I was walking down the street,
A bill board met my eye,
The advertisements written there
Would make you laugh and cry.
The wind and rain came down that night,
And blew half that sign away,
And what was left upon that board,
Would make that bill board say:

- Come, smoke a coca cola,
Drink catsup cigarettes,
See Lillian Brussels wrestle
With a box of castenets.
Pork and beans will meet tonight
And have a finished fight.
Chauncey de Pew will lecture on
Sopolio tonight.
Bay rum is good for horses,
It is the best in town
Castoria cures the measles,
If you pay five dollars down.
Teeth extracted without pain,
At the cost of half a dime,
Over coats are selling now,
A little out of time.
Do me a favor—drop dead.
- 8 Kaiser Bill went up the hill,
To take a look at France,
Kaiser Bill came down the hill,
With bullets in his pants.
- 9 Sally White,
Split her tight,
If you look,
You see a sight.
- 10 Spanish dancer came to town,
Spanish dancer do the splits,
Spanish dancer kick like this,
Spanish dancer turn around,
Spanish dancer leave the town.
- 11 Now I lay me down to sleep,
A bushel of apples at my feet,
If I should die before I wake,
You'll know I died of the bellyache.
- 12 Ashes to ashes and dust to dust,
If the mosquitoes don't get you,
The bed bugs must.
- 13 My name is Jahan Johnson,
I come from Wisconsin,
I work in de lumber yard dere,
When I walk down de street,
All the people I meet,
Ask me my name and I say . . . (Repeat.)

- 14 Teddy bear, Teddy bear,
Turn around,
Teddy bear, Teddy bear,
Touch the ground.

Teddy bear, Teddy bear,
Go up the stairs,
Teddy bear, Teddy bear,
Say your prayers.

Teddy bear, Teddy bear,
Pull off the light,
Teddy bear, Teddy bear,
Say "Goodnight."

Teddy bear, Teddy bear,
Show your shoe,
Teddy bear, Teddy bear,
Please skiddoo.

XIV

MISCELLANEOUS

- 1 You can stand,
And you can sit,
But, if you play,
You must be it.

2 Jo, Jo, broke his toe,
On the way to Mexico.
On the way back,
He broke his back,
Riding on a flour sack.

3 Here's the church,
Here's the steeple,
Open the doors,
And see the people.

4 Ho-cus, po-cus, didaly dum,
Kiss your finger and suck your thumb.

5 Tit tat toe,
Three bugs in a row.

6 I asked my father for fifty cents,
To see the elephant jump the fence,
He jumped so high,
He reached the sky,
And never came back,
Till Fourth of July.

- 7 My mother, your mother,
Live across the way,
Every night they have a fight,
And this is what they say :
 Hinkey, dinkey,
 Soda crackers,
 Hinkey, dinkey, boo,
 Hinkey, dinkey,
 Soda crackers,
 Out goes you
- 8 Mr. Monday, how's your wife?
Very sick and like to die.
Can she eat any meat?
Yes, as much as I can buy.
- 9 My mother washed me in milk
And set me on the table to dry.
D-R-Y spells dry,
And O-U-T spells out.
- 10 Looking through a window,
A twenty story window,
I slipped and sprained my eyebrow,
On the pavement, the pavement.
- 11 Good night,
Sleep tight,
Don't let the bed bug bite.
If you do,
Take a shoe,
And hit him till he's black and blue.
- 12 Down the alley and over the fence,
A great big bottle for fifty cents.
- 13 Bee, bee, bumble bee,
Stung a man upon the knee,
Stung a pig upon the snout,
I'll be dogged if you ain't out.
- 14 Horses run around,
Their feet upon the ground,
Oh, who will wind the clock
While I'm away, away ?
- 15 Last night and the night before,
Twenty-five robbers knocked at my door.
As I went down to let them in,
One hit me over the head with a rolling pin.

- 16 For a moment to dwell
In a dungeon cell,
Growing thin and wheezing,
For in a solitary prison,
Is a poor outlook for a soldier stout,
Who is longing for the rattle
Of the complicated battle,
For the Rum Tum Tum,
Of a military drum,
And the guns that Boom, Boom.
- 17 Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
When I choose,
It will be you.
- 18 Red leather, trade forever,
Jack Black, never trade back.
- 19 Red, white, and blue,
All out but you.
- 20 Stars bright,
Moon is light,
I hope to see
No ghost tonight.
- 21 Moonlight, star bright,
See how the ghosts come out tonight.
- 22 Spook run, ghost run,
Everbody run, run, run.

University of Nebraska.

"MAKE HAY WHILE THE SUN SHINES"

by Richard Jente

OF this well-known proverb Richard C. Trench in his *Lessons in Proverbs* (London, 1853), p. 40, says: "Thus our own *Make hay while the sun shines* is truly English, and could have had its birth only under such variable skies as ours,—not certainly in those southern lands where, during the summer time at least, the sun always shines." The archbishop's assertion is repeated by Archer Taylor in "The Proverb" (Cambridge, 1931), p. 165, and since our proverb in its fixed form is not found outside the English speaking countries, except obviously as a translation from the English, the question of a possible foreign origin of the proverb, or even of foreign influence, has naturally never been raised.

It is the purpose of this paper to show, first, that there did exist a closely analogous proverb in other Germanic countries before the earliest appearance of the proverb in England, secondly that both this proverb and the English one may have a common ancestor in a proverbial figure found in the Bible and among the ancients, and thirdly, that it was perhaps through the translation of a German work that came to England, that the proverb attained the fixed form that it now has among English speaking peoples.

One striking fact is that the English proverb, as we know it, cannot be traced back beyond the year 1546, when it appeared in John Heywood's *A dialogue conteyning the number of the effectuall prouerbes in the Englishe tounge* etc., part I, chapter III: "Whan the sunne shineth make hay." This popular work, which was repeatedly printed, developed an interest in the proverb during the Elizabethan period, and we thus find it rather frequently, as, for example, in Brian Melbancke's *Philotimus* (London, 1583), p. 24: "Yt is well, therefore, to make hay while the sunne shines."

Shakespeare alludes to it in *Henry VI* (Part III), Act IV, Scene 8, line 60:

The sun shines hot; and if we use delay,
Cold biting winter mars our hoped-for hay.

Contemporaneous with Shakespeare in Thomas Dekker's use of our proverb (*Works*, ed. Grossart, IV, 308): "He, drawing out one handfull of gold, and another of siluer, cryed . . . I haue made hay whilst my sunne shined."

Camden in his *Remaines Concerning Britaine*, (London, 1614), p. 314, seems to have drawn from Heywood: "When the Sunne shineth make heye." This is also the form found in the collection compiled by Gruter three years earlier from materials supplied by Camden.¹ Draxe, too, has followed Heywood.² John Clarke, who presumably drew from Draxe, has the form: "Make hay while the sun shineth," (*Paroemiologia*, London, 1639, p. 233) together with the Latin: "Nunc tuum ferrum in igne est," which does not concern us. This form, which is preferred in later traditional use, first appeared three years earlier in the fifth edition of Camden's *Remaines* together with that taken from Heywood. In a small volume of proverbs which appeared in Aberdeen in 1622, namely *Adagia in Latine and English*, we find the peculiar variant: "Make hay while the weather shineth," which may be interpreted to mean that our proverb had not yet reached a fixed form. Howell (*Paroemiographia*, London, 1659), has, in three different places, only the form: "Make hay while the sun shines." On page 4 of Section I, he has translated it into French, Spanish, and Italian, but I have not found the proverb in any of these languages in the forms he gives.³ On page 2 of Section II, he has the gloss: "viz. 'Let not slipp your opportunity.'" Since his glosses are few indeed, it might therefore seem that the proverb was not yet very commonly known. Ray's well-known collection (Cambridge, 1670, p. 101) has the usual traditional form as in Howell. From this time on the proverb is fixed in the English language, and we need not follow it further.

On the continent we find a common proverb analogous to our own appearing first in 1524 in the words of Luther: "Samlet ein, weyl es scheynet und gutt wetter ist" (An die Radherrn aller stedte deutsches lands: das sie Christliche schulen auffrichten. Weimar edition XV, 32, line 5). This proverb has not hitherto been recorded; at least, it is not in Wander's *Sprichwörterlexikon*, where Luther's proverbs are cited from Heuseler's collection of 1824. In Sebastian Franck's voluminous collection of 1541 we find under the caption "Tempus observa" (I, 99b):

¹*Proverbia Britanica*, ed. Archer Taylor, *Washington University Studies*, XI (1924), 422, no. 308.

²"Das Elisabethanische Sprichwort nach Thomas Draxe's *Treasure of Ancient Adagies* (1616)," ed. M. Förster, *Anglia*, XLII (1918), 400, no. 1559.

³Reinsberg-Düringsfeld (II, no. 577) lists many analogous proverbs from the Romance and Germanic languages, but most of these have no bearing and throw no light on our proverb. One is often misled by the mere translation of a proverb from one language to another. For example, Lockhart in his translation of *Don Quixote* has, at the beginning of Book I, Part iii, Chapter XI: "Let us make hay while the sun shines," but a comparison with original shows no proverb here at all.

"Man sol schneiden weil die ernt ist" and a few lines below: "In der ernt sol man schneiden." Wander gives forms similar to this, but either without source, or from much later collections, some of which are not German: "Man muss sammeln, weil die Ernte da ist" (*sammeln*, 3); "Wenn die Ernte ist, muss man schneiden" (*Ernte*, 15); "Jeder macht Heu, so lange die Sonne scheint" (*Heu*, 20); "Mache Heu, wenn die Sonne scheint;" "Man muss Heu machen, weil die Sonne scheint" (ib. 22); "Man muss die Sonne benutzen, wenn sie scheint" (*Sonne*, 143). The standard German collection of Wander therefore casts no light on the subject, but it does show that the proverb as used by Luther and Franck did not persist in Germany, although it may have been common there in the sixteenth century.

The Latin "Tempus observa" seems to have its origin in the words of Ovid (*Tristitia* 4, 3, 83): "Utere temporibus," which of course has no direct connection with our proverb. However, a medieval leonine hexameter stands near the English proverb: "Utere splendore quem phebus tunc micat hore." This is first found translated into Danish in 1501 as: "Man skal nijtthe ten sool ther thaa skijn" (Kock-Petersens, *Östnordiska och latinska medeltidsordspråk*, Copenhagen, 1889-94, no. 1177). This as well as the medieval Latin: "Dum Aurora fulget moniti adolescentes flores colligite" (Margalits, p. 59) has its source perhaps in Proverbs 10:5: "Qui congregat in messe filius sapiens est: qui autem stertit aestate, filius confusionis (He that gathereth in summer is a wise son: but he that sleepeth in harvest is a son that causeth shame)." Already in the Middle High German of Boner (42, 65) this thought is expressed in the verses: "Die wil der schoene sumer wert sol man gewinnen, des man gert." Hesiod in his "Works and Days," l. 503, has a proverbial thought near to that of the Bible: ΟΥΚ ΑΙΕΙ ΘΕΡΟΣ ΕΞΕΙΤΑΙ, ΠΟΙΕΙΣΘΕ ΚΑΛΙΑΣ which Erasmus popularized as "Non semper aestas fuerit, componite nidos" and "Aestas non erit semper."

We thus see that the fundamental idea suggested by the Bible and the ancients simply needed to be put into a popular form. The man who did this was Sebastian Brant in the *Narrenschiff* (1494). The caption of chapter 70 is:

Wer nit im summer gabeln kan,
der muss im winter mangel han.

*I have not been able to determine the source of this sentence which is met with in several collections of classical proverbs.

Further on he says:

Wer nit im summer machet hew,
Der loufft im winter mit geschrei
Vnd hat zu samen gebunden seil,
Rüffend, das man im hew geb feil.

Here for the first time we have mention of "making hay" introduced into the proverbial concept of "Utere temporibus" and the striking thing is, that *hew* suggested itself as a rhyme with *geschrei*. But what is the link that might connect this with England? There is an answer to this. Three years after the first appearance of the *Narrenschiff*, it was freely translated into Latin by John Locher. On the basis of this Latin translation two English versions were made, both in the year 1509, one by Henry Watson in prose, which I have not seen,⁸ and one in awkward rhymes by Alexander Barclay. The latter translates the passage in question (Reprint 1874):

Who that in July whyle Phebus is shyninge
About his hay is not besy labouryng
And other thynges which are for his auale
Shall in the winter for his negligence bewayle.

The first to connect these rhymes with our proverb was Lean in his *Collectaena* (IV, 40), which has been followed in both the recent large collections of English proverbs by Apperson and Smith. But these verses could never have been responsible for our English proverb. I turn rather to Locher's Latin translation which runs:

Qui non collegit f[o]enum: cum Julium (*sic*) ardet:
Nec sibi qu[a]lesiuit emolumenta domus:
Frigeat in bruma gelida: qu[a]eratque per urbem
Fasiculos f[o]eni: stramina nuda terat.⁹

It may, without doubt, be assumed that these Latin verses were known in England to many scholars other than Barclay and Watson. The first line above: Qui non collegit foenum cum Julius ardet, could easily have been turned into: Colligite foenum cum Julius ardet, which could reproduce literally our proverb: Make hay while the sun shines. We have united here in Locher for the first time the *collecting of hay* and the medieval proverb of *harvesting while the sun shines*.

⁸The only copy of this rare Wynkyn de Word print seems to be in the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris.

⁹Fol. lxxxı recto. A copy of Locher is in the Library of the University of North Carolina.

Until proof to the contrary is produced, namely, that our proverb existed in England before 1500, it does not seem improbable that some scholar formulated our English proverb from the Latin of Locher sometime during the first half of the sixteenth century.

University of North Carolina.

ANNOUNCEMENT

INTRODUCTION OF A BIBLIOGRAPHY IN THE QUARTERLY

Professor Ralph S. Boggs, of the University of North Carolina, will list in the *Quarterly's* first number each year important books and articles which appear during the preceding year and which deal with American folklore and its backgrounds. The cooperation of folklore scholars will be appreciated. Their submitting to Professor Boggs copies of their current publications, or adequate bibliographic data about them, will be mutually advantageous. Since Professor Boggs is folklore collaborator of three other annual bibliographies (*Volk-skundliche Bibliographie*, *Publications of the Modern Language Association of America*, *Handbook of Latin America Studies*), he will see that folklore items dealing with all countries, or data about these, are properly listed, whether in the *Quarterly* or elsewhere.

BOOK REVIEWS

The American Play-Party Song, with a Collection of Oklahoma Texts and Tunes, by Benjamin Albert Botkin. Lincoln, Nebraska, 1937. xii. pp. 400.

Readers already acquainted with Professor B. A. Botkin's work as editor of *Folk-Say*, as writer of incisive and illuminating articles on regionalism and folklore, and as author of imaginative writings of distinction, will examine a new book by him with predilection. His latest contribution, an enterprise in sustained scholarship, is *The American Play-Party Song*.

The basic raw material is over a thousand variants of one hundred twenty-eight play-party songs recovered from oral circulation in Oklahoma. Well-grounded in the previous history and scientific study of popular song, the author, in "Part I. The American Play-Party Song," seeks "to carry further the quest of the play-party song and the correlation of game-songs and folksongs, setting forth the results of a collection made for Oklahoma and the Southwest, and, in its light, re-examining previous evidence and conclusions with a view to verifying or revising present theory on the subject."

Part One is composed of five chapters—"Origins and Backgrounds," "The Play-Party and the Game," "The Play-Party and the Dance," "The Play-Party and the Song," and "Language and Style." The first two stand firmly and circumspectly upon an impressive body of investigative and speculative scholarship, indicated by the Bibliography but creatively integrated with the various aspects of the study—from Child, Newell, Böhme, Gomme, and Gummere to such present-day scholars as Louise Pound and G. H. Gerould. These two chapters sanely and adroitly dispose of a great deal of still-lingering nonsense and mysticism about folksong origins and relationships. The remaining three, though critically related to the facts and theories of folksong scholarship, are more concerned with the concrete material and phenomena of Oklahoma texts. The last chapter, with a twelve-page word-list and with neat characterizations and often amusing illustrations of stylistic features, is a lively and informative little treatise that should interest the lay reader as well as the dialectitian.

As one of the very last frontier states, and as a mixing-bowl for American folkways and folklore, Oklahoma should have been the ideal

field for such a study. And such it has proved to be, from the evidence afforded by "Part II. Oklahoma Texts and Tunes." Inspection of the songs themselves confirms the author's claim that the collection contains "two or three times as many as have appeared in any one printing, including versions of almost all the songs recovered in other states and many never before published." Both the texts and the editor's critical comment on them amply illustrate the observation that "they contain a good deal of authentic and dramatic portrayal of the background and interests of the players, the objects, activities, and characters of rural and pioneer America." The inclusion of tunes to sixty-two songs is a valuable feature of the book. The amplitude of the collection, the abundant and often humanly interesting evidence of its highly representative provenience, and the completeness of its critical apparatus arouse admiration for the editor's skill as an organizer of collecting and for his patient expertness as a researcher.

The book is equipped with every device that makes for ready reference—a bibliography, and indexes of authorities cited, subjects discussed, titles of songs alluded to, titles of songs included, tunes, and first lines.

In short, *The American Play-Party Song* is a product of fine editorial judgment, keen and sympathetic insight into aspects of regional culture, a talent for lucid and animated exposition, and a great deal of exacting, far-ranging scholarly work. For a generation at least (perhaps, since the play-party threatens to become extinct, for as long as readers may be interested in the subject), it is likely to be the standard reference book on the American play-party song. It deserves a place in every respectable library, and it will repay the curiosity of most readers, lay or specialist, who examine it.

Arthur Palmer Hudson.

Chapel Hill, North Carolina.

Norwegian Emigrant Songs and Ballads, edited and translated by Theodore C. Blegen and Martin B. Ruud. Songs harmonized by Gunnar J. Malmin. Minneapolis, 1936, 350 pp. \$3.00.

Professors Blegen and Ruud have given us a valuable and interesting collection of sixty songs concerning Norwegian emigration, arranged chronologically according to the date of composition from 1836-1878. Most of these songs, which were collected by Mr. Blegen, are the work of poets of some ability and reputation; some are the efforts of rather

simple and not-too-divinely inspired artisans; the authorship of fourteen is unknown. Mr. Blegen has provided a general introduction to the collection as well as individual introductions preceding each of the songs. The prose translations are the work of Mr. Rudd.

The subject matter of these songs is the great Norwegian migration from the mother-land to America, which began with the departure of the *Restaurationen* from Stavanger in 1825 and has continued to the present. Each phase of the movement is recorded in these songs. Debates—serious, sometimes acrimonious—weigh the economic advantages of emigration against love of home. Other factors enter—political and social equality, religious toleration, escape from compulsory military service, love of adventure—but more persistent in its recurrence and its emphasis is the wish for economic betterment. Opposed to these considerations are the known dangers of the Atlantic and the unknown dangers of America, fear of Redskins and Yankee, of bowie knife and railroad, uneasiness at encountering strange people with a strange language and customs; but most of all is reluctance to leave their beloved home. When debate is ended, preparation and departure follow. Here the songs record the activities of “agents,” outfitting vessels, and leave-taking. The crossing prayerfully accomplished, the wonders of America are unfolded. Most make the long journey to the Mid-west, to Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, but many follow the great violinist, Ole Bull, to his short-lived Utopia in Pennsylvania, Oleana. Others go to Massachusetts and Texas, and to the gold fields of California. All find hardship; some, happiness; a few, bitter disillusionment. None forget “gamle Norge,” and their longing for the old country is poignantly, if not always artistically, expressed in their songs.

Almost all of these songs are the work of Norwegian authors rather than Norwegian-American poets. There exists a number of songs, however, of new-world origin, and in them, while longing for the home-land is still a strong motif, there is much that is new. To complete the song story of the migration a companion collection of immigrant songs is needed, and the reviewer hopes that the present editors will provide this.

Many of the readers of this journal will be disappointed because so few of the songs (only seven) seem to have survived for any length of time in oral tradition and because so many are from the pen of well known writers like Welhaven, Wergeland, Lie, etc. But the editors did not bring together this collection for its folksong interest; their interest is primarily historical. There are, of course, many folksongs and traditional

ballads among the Norwegian-Americans, and these should be collected as soon as possible.

An especially commendable feature of the volume is provided in Mr. Blegen's prefaces to each of the songs. Though they are not intended as a complete history of the migration, actually they provide a series of vivid pictures which enable us to feel as well as understand the movement as a whole.

Mr. Ruud's prose translation of the songs is exactly what he intended—it is a clear, unembellished, non-literal but accurate translation designed to give the reader a clear account of the content only.

The volume, handsomely printed and bound, is a credit to the publishers as well as the editors.

Norman E. Eliason.

University of Florida.

*Folk Tunes from Mississippi.*¹ Collected by Arthur Palmer Hudson, and edited by George Herzog. National Play Bureau, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City, 1937. xxii. Pp. 45. \$.25. Mimeographed.

When Dr. Hudson published his *Folksongs of Mississippi* (University of North Carolina Press, 1936) he omitted, for a number of reasons, the tunes of his songs. Because of his own interest in the tunes, and because of a growing demand for the study of tunes as integral parts of folksongs, Dr. Hudson now publishes music and texts of forty-three Mississippi folksongs.

The songs are divided into three broad groups: (1) ballads and songs of sentiment, (2) singing games and humorous songs, and (3) miscellaneous. The collector has contributed some brief notes on the background of the songs and their singers. The editing and analysis of the music has been done by Dr. George Herzog, one of the ablest students of folk music in the United States. Dr. Herzog's comments and his melodic index, showing structure, meter, rhythm, finals, tonal range, and scale, will be of particular interest to students of music.

This volume is inexpensive, and its format makes it easy to use at the piano. It should have a wide acceptance, for it does much to justify Dr. Herzog's desire "to show that it may be possible to publish folk melodies in a popular fashion, and at the same time use them for study."

Chapel Hill, N. C.

Guy B. Johnson.

¹Since this review was written, a second edition of *Folk Tunes from Mississippi* has been issued, including a preface by Ellen S. Woodward, Assistant Administrator of the Works Progress Administration, and a title page credit to Herbert Halpert, Supervisor Folksong Research Department National Service Bureau.

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Southern Folklore Quarterly

A publication devoted to the historical and descriptive study of
folklore and to the discussion of folk material
as a living tradition

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